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SMETHPORT 6 ELDRED 5

Was the Result of an Interesting Game at Eldred Tuesday.

OUR LEAGUE SEASON IS CLOSED.

Derrick City and Mt. Jewett Each Take One—Pennant to be Raised Over Kane Field Wednesday—Other Gossip.

STANDING OF THE CLUBS.

	Won	Lost	Per cent.
Smethport	10	2	.833
Derrick City	5	6	.455
Mt. Jewett	5	7	.417
Eldred	3		.273

SMETHPORT 6, ELDRED 5.

A very interesting game marked the close of the league season between Smethport and Eldred at the latter place Tuesday afternoon, despite the fact that the weather was frowning all the time, Smethport winning by the above score. Had the weather been pleasant no doubt a much better game would have been played for most of the errors were due to the dampness of the ball and grounds.

Smethport was the first at bat and Andrews led off with a nice single off Jessop's delivery. Tull sacrificed nicely and Bell scored on Daniel's clean single. Keefer singled and Daniels scored on Servatius' two bagger and Keefer was caught at the plate by fast fielding. The side was retired by McCabe's fly after we tallied two earned runs. Havens opened for Eldred by going out on a grounder to pitcher. Sweeney and W. Llewellyn both reached first on errors at second and a hit by McFall and Croissant's wild throw to second scored both. Denning then fanned Slack, passed Bernard and threw Armstrong out on a grounder to pitcher, retiring the side with the score 2 to 2.

Three men faced each pitcher in the second inning.

Andrews started the third by drawing a pass and sliding second. Then Daniels, Keefer and Servatius which, with an error, scored three runs before the side was retired. For Eldred Sweeney fanned, W. Llewellyn reached first on an error at short and McFall's hit and an error at third put a man on second and third, but Slack fanned out and Bernard popped a fly to Tull which retired the side without a run.

In our half of the fourth Young singled, Denning got up on an error, Andrews and Tull were easy outs, Daniels drew a pass, but the side was retired on Keefer's foul fly to Sweeney. Keefer nabbed Armstrong's fly, Jessop singled, A. Llewellyn fanned, Havens drew a pass but Keefer removed the danger and evened up matters with Sweeney by getting his foul fly after a hard run into the crowd.

Servatius and McCabe were retired on flys in the fifth, Croissant singled, stole second and reached third on a wild pitch, but Young's fly to left field retired the side. W. Llewellyn, McFall and Slack faced Denning.

Aside from Tull's hit both sides were retired in order in the sixth.

Three batters faced Jessop in our half of the seventh. A. Llewellyn reached first on McCabe's error, Havens struck out, and Sweeney made a two bagger scoring Llewellyn. W. Llewellyn flyed to Tull and Sweeney was caught at home on a fielder's choice of McFall's grounder to Keefer.

In the eighth Croissant was thrown out on a grounder to short, Young fanned, but Denning reached first on an error in center field, stole second and scored on Andrews' fly, which was dropped in center field. Tull's foul fly retired us. Slack singled, Bernard took life on Keefer's error, Tull got Armstrong's fly, Denning caught Slack at third on Jessop's grounder and Bernard scored on A. Llewellyn's hit and Daniels retired the side by nabbing Havens' grounder between first and second, which at first looked like a hit. Smethport 6, Eldred 4.

Daniels started the ninth with a single, went to second on a passed ball and advanced to third on Keefer's grounder, Servatius fanned and McCabe went out on a fly to Sweeney. Sweeney received a pass (from Platts instead of Denning). W. Llewellyn singled but was caught at second on McFall's grounder to Tull, Slack's single scored Sweeney and placed McFall on third, although McFall should have been called out for running out of line to dodge McCabe on the return after starting for home. Bernard deliberately stepped across the plate as Denning pitched the first ball through but the umpire refused to call him out for attempted interference. He then popped a fly to Tull and in the meantime McFall started for home and was doubled, thus ending the game, with the score of 6 to 5 in favor of Smethport. Some of the Eldred fans censure McFall for this apparently careless play while others think he did it on purpose as the side had been rightfully retired before this time.

Following is the tabulated score:

Smethport	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Andrews, cf	4	2	1	0	0	0
Tull, ss	4	0	1	3	3	1
Daniels, 2b	4	2	3	0	4	2
Keefer, 1st	5	1	2	11	1	1
Servatius, lf	5	0	2	0	0	0
McCabe, 3d	5	0	0	3	0	1
Croissant, c	4	0	1	8	0	1
Young, rf	4	0	1	0	0	0
Denning, p	4	1	0	0	4	0
Total	39	6	11	27	12	7

Eldred	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Havens, 2d	4	0	0	1	1	0
Sweeney, 3d	4	2	1	3	2	0
W. Llewellyn, ss	5	1	2	2	4	0
McFall, lf	5	0	2	1	1	0
Slack, c	5	0	2	9	1	0
Bernard, 1st	4	1	0	9	0	2
Armstrong, rf	4	0	0	0	0	0
Jessop, p	4	0	1	0	1	0
A. Llewellyn cf	4	1	1	2	0	2
Total	39	5	8	27	9	4

Smethport	2	0	3	0	0	0	0	1	0—6
Eldred	2	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1—5

Earned runs—Smethport 2.
Stolen bases—Andrews, McCabe, Croissant, Denning.
Two base hits—Servatius; Sweeney.
Double plays—Tull to McCabe.
Struck out—by Denning 7; by Jessop 8.
Base on balls—off Denning 8; off Jessop 2.
Passed balls—Slack 1.
Wild pitch—Jessop 1.
Time of game—2 hours.
Umpire—Platts.

EACH WIN ONE.

Mt. Jewett and Derrick City played two games of ball at the latter place on Tuesday with the result that each team won a game.

The Pennant Raising Game.

Wednesday, Sept. 28 will be a red letter day in Smethport for baseball enthusiasts. On that day the pennant of the McKean League for the season of 1904, which has been won by the Smethport Baseball Club, will be hoisted and the pennant winners will play a game with the best team that can be picked from the Derrick City, Eldred and Mt. Jewett teams which were their opponents in the league. From these three clubs one of the fastest amateur teams in the country will be picked and with Servatius and Susse home, the home team will be unusually strong.

The pennant, which will be raised at 3 o'clock sharp, has been so recently described in these columns that we will not repeat it now. The admissions will be the same as usual.

Smethport Man Interested.

Edward Hungerford of Smethport has begun the erection of a bottling works on the J. S. Hoyt farm, which was recently purchased by W. L. Foster, and is located near the Shawmut tracks in this village. The building is 24x36 feet in size and a story and a half high. It is located on a lot, 50x200 feet in size, which has been leased of Mr. Foster for a period of 12 years. Mr. Hungerford expects to have his bottling works in operation by October 1. He will bottle Dotterweich beer. He will also begin the erection of a building in which to manufacture ice to supply the needs of Bolivar and surrounding towns. This building will be located on the same lot and will be 50x75 feet in size, and have a capacity of 500 tons of ice. This plant will be ready for operation about December 1. Mr. Hungerford is a well known oil operator of the McKean county field, being interested in a large oil lease at Rixford. He is a very successful business man and without a doubt will meet with rapid success in his latest undertaking. He and his family will move to Bolivar this fall.—Breeze.

Methodist Church Burned.

A dispatch from Port Allegany dated Sept. 21, says: The new Methodist Episcopal church at Wrights, about six miles south of this place, was burned to the ground Monday night. Between 12 and 1 o'clock flames were discovered issuing from the basement and roof, giving evidence that the fire was of incendiary origin. The flames had progressed so far that nothing could be done to save the structure and it was burned to the ground.

The church was to have been dedicated one week from next Sunday. The new furniture was expected to-day and would have been placed at once but for the destruction of the building. The pastor of the church is Rev. S. Oyler, of Keating Summit. The building was valued at $2,000. It is not learned whether or not there was any insurance on it.

Mrs. McCarthy Injured.

Mrs. Jerry McCarthy was quite seriously injured by a fall at her home on East Main street last Friday afternoon. She started out of the house for a pail of water and when she reached the ground she slipped and fell, striking on her chest on the pail. She was assisted into the house and medical aid summoned. It was found that her right knee was severely bruised and at first it was feared that she was injured internally and from the time the accident occurred until Monday night she was considered in a dangerous condition. However, Tuesday morning she showed marked improvement and is steadily growing better. Mrs. McCarthy is nearly seventy years of age and, although it is thought she will fully recover, she will be confined to her bed for some time yet.

At the parlors of the Grand Central Sept. 29th and 30th we will have on sale a full line of millinery novelties, tailor hats and dress hats. Orr and Parsons.

Spratt's Patent Dog Cakes and Remedies of all kinds. Holmes & Gilfillan.

Buncoers Buncoed.

It isn't very often that buncoers and fakirs get the worst of their own game, but such was the case with a couple of crooks who were here last Thursday. It is pretty generally understood that a tough crowd follow up Sautelle's circus and the talent was well represented at this place.

During the evening a fellow who is always willing to "take something" with a friend, and who also is fond of telling of his imaginary broad acres and earthly goods when in a convivial mood, fell in with a pair of grafters and after a brief conversation his new found friends were positive they had struck a "good thing" and were willing to buy as often as their "gold mine" would partake. The "gold mine" alleged he had been working hard all day disposing of the produce of his broad acres and was unusually thirsty, but as his proceeds, amounting to some $1,500.00, were in large New York drafts, they were hardly negotiable at the ordinary thirst emporiums and therefore he was literally in the hands of his friends.

In the course of the evening our local Croesus succeeded in accommodating a very delightful jag at the expense of his friends and as the trio started on their uncertain way to more secluded quarters, one who knew something of the pair told some of our townsmen of the trap into which said Croesus was being led, but it occasioned no alarm on the part of his acquaintances for they were well aware that the would be buncoers had been plucked.

MISS EVELYN FABER
Leading Woman in "The Price of Honor."

"The Price of Honor."

Next week's attraction at the Lyceum tells an up-to-date story of New York life. It portrays the struggle of a good woman against overwhelming odds, it depicts the honest love of a strong man for that woman, and it shows the depths of depravity to which a villian will descend to gain his desired end. "The Price of Honor" is only a page torn from the history of the great metropolis, but it is a living breathing reproduction of the rapid currents of its social system. It contains a love story of uncommon tenderness but with the touch of the master hand the dramatist has introduced an element of wholesome comedy which admirably blends with the serious moments of the play.

Driver Campbell Injured.

William Campbell of this place, who drives Robert W. Hilton's race horses, was quite painfully injured in a race at Hamburg, N. Y., last Friday afternoon and he considers himself very lucky that he was not instantly killed.

He was driving Audrey in the 2:40 pace and just as they turned into the home stretch in the second heat Nellie C., who was first, stumbled and fell. Pearl Wilkes, who was second, fell over Nellie C., and Audrey, who was third, fell over both, throwing Mr. Campbell out on the track and one or two of the other horses ran over him.

He was picked up unconscious and medical aid summoned. After considerable effort he was revived and it was found that the left side of his face was badly lacerated and the outside corner of the left eye quite badly cut and he was severely bruised about his body, but no bones were broken and he expects to be well enough to drive in a race to-day. The other drivers and all of the horses escaped serious injury.

Attention Republicans.

An important meeting of the Smethport Republican Club will be held in the basement of the court house Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. All members and others interested are urged to be present.

BURESS MOORE,
President.

S. E. BELL, Secretary.

Millinery display Sept. 29th and 30th. At the parlors of the Grand Central, Smethport. Orr & Parsons.

Mantles, Globes, Shades and Fixtures of all kinds. Holmes & Gilfillan.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old, Taken from the Files.

Weston Brothers have upwards of 22,000,000 feet of pine lumber at their mill near Olean, which they are holding for a "rise."

Geo. Reed of Farmers Valley, who was thrown from his wagon and severely injured a few weeks ago, is improving and will probably recover.

We cannot avoid saying a few words of congratulation upon the solid, enduring growth and improvement manifest in our borough of Smethport within the past year. We cannot undertake to enumerate in detail the many improvements that have come under our observation, but among the buildings finished, or in process of erection, during the past year, we may mention the following. All were not built by private citizens but all conduce to the growth and beauty of our pleasant borough:

The new jail.

B. F. Wright's hotel.

J. G. Eaton's hardware store building.

Wendel & Beckwith's building; the lower part now used by Wendel as a grocery store.

S. Granzberg's clothing store.

The new graded school building.

Dr. H. L. McCoy's dwelling house.

A. B. Armstrong's dwelling house.

Henry Herting's dwelling house.

James A. Bond's dwelling house.

Frank Vickery's dwelling house.

L. Roger's saw and planing mill.

Several small dwelling houses in the vicinity of the mill and of the McK. and B. depot.

C. L. Douglass' store building.

The elegant depot of the McKean and Buffalo railroad, and the attractive residence of S. F. Wheeler, though out of the borough limits, we appropriate as valuable additions to the town. [1875]

Thomas King has received from the Governor his commission as high sheriff of McKean county for the unexpired term, and is now full clothed with all the authority of the office. It is the general impression that it is a wise and worthy appointment, and that Mr. King is fully capable to finish up the business of the term. T. V. Powell, son of ex-Sheriff Powell, has been appointed deputy by Sheriff King.

We learn of a serious accident that befell a little three-year-old boy of Obas L. Bush of this place on Tuesday, Nov. 2, 1875. It seems that one of the children, while playing about the house, displaced a loaded rifle which in falling was discharged and the ball passed through a partition and hit the little boy, who was in another room, in the back of the head. The force of the ball was very much spent or the result would have been immediately fatal. The ball has been extracted, and at last accounts the boy was living. This ought to be a sufficient warning against keeping a loaded rifle about one's house.

Last Thursday, Nov. 4, 1875, the news reached this place that a resident of Clermont had died very suddenly and under such suspicious circumstances as to give the appearance of foul play. From Dr. E. G. Brown, who was called to make the post mortem examination, for the coroner's inquest, we gathered the following:

The deceased was one Wm. McCullough, a shoemaker by trade, who had lived at Clermont several months. He was found, as claimed by his wife, between 4 and 5 o'clock Wednesday afternoon lying on the ground back of his house in an insensible condition, and died about 1 p. m. on the next day. The coroner's inquest was held Friday. His wife testified that in attempting to enter the back door he fell backward off the steps, which were raised two or three feet from the ground, striking his head on a stick of wood, thus causing his death. Dr. Brown, after the post mortem examination, testified that there was a very extensive fracture of the skull much greater than could be produced by the supposed fall and concussion, and that the deceased died of compression of the brain caused by a heavy blow. A Mr. Driscoll testified that he saw the wife strike him several times with a club or stick as he was attempting to enter the back door. It was also proven that he tried to go in at the front door but could not, and went to the door where she met him with a club; that he had told some of the neighbors in the forenoon of that day that she had driven him from the house with an axe; and in an upper room of the house an axe was found wrapped up in a bloody cloth. His wife claimed that he was drunk, though other witnesses testified that he was not. The burden of evidence seemed to indicate that he died from blows received at the hands of his wife. She was accordingly held to answer the charge of murder, and was taken to Coudersport Saturday evening.

The deceased was a man about sixty years of age, apparently. His wife appeared a considerable younger than he. They had one son, a little boy, and two married daughters. He was buried on Saturday.

Obituary.

Mrs. Ambrosia A. Crandall, whose serious illness was reported last week, died at the home of her sister, Mrs. A. B. Armstrong, at 10 o'clock Thursday evening, after an illness of four days. On Wednesday, Dr. Kane, assisted by Drs. Brown, Clark and McCoy, performed an operation for a complicated bowel trouble, from which the patient never rallied. The funeral services were held in St. Luke's Episcopal church on Saturday afternoon, Rev. J. H. Fairlie officiating. The interment was in Rose Hill cemetery. The deceased was the eldest daughter of David R. and Corrine Chapin Bennett, born Dec. 16, 1838, at Port Allegany. The greater part of her life was passed in Smethport, although she lived for various periods in New York, Iowa, Michigan, Nebraska and Florida. For the past twenty years she made her home in this borough, where she was universally loved and respected. She was a woman whose whole life was spent in doing good to others. There are not many of the older residents whose homes she has not entered with efficient aid and sympathy in [illegible] of sickness or sorrow. She will be sorely missed by a wide circle of relatives and friends who will remember her gentleness, her unfailing cheerfulness and her many womanly qualities. It would be impossible to think of such a character as gone forever. In the midst of sad reflections, Longfellow's beautiful lines are a comfort:

There is no Death! What seems so
is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

Her demise was the first break in a circle of seven sisters and one brother, of whom E. R. Bennett and Mrs. D. F. Stone reside in Rochester, Mesdames A. B. Armstrong, Frances Mason, D. L. Gifford, Florence Hogarth and Miss Bennett, in Smethport. There is also one son, B. G. Crandall, of Milwaukee.

An Excellent Idea.

A writer who keeps the Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune posted as to Indiana politics from Indianapolis, publishes a scheme which has been adopted in one of the counties of that State for getting out an early Republican vote on election day, which might be emulated throughout the country with profit. He says:

"Jack" Frost of Portland, chairman of the Republican organization in Jay county, has a campaign idea that has the commendation of all the politicians who have heard of it. He is organizing among the Republicans of his county a "Nine O'Clock Club," the members of which pledge themselves to go to the polls before 9 o'clock on election day, and to induce as many Republicans as possible to do likewise. Buttons bearing simply the inscription, "9 o'clock," will be procured, and that will be made one of the campaign slogans.

"I know that if we can get 75 per cent. of the Republican vote in Jay county out before noon on election day there'll be no question about our carrying the county," said Mr. Frost in speaking of his innovation. "I believe, too, that if we can get 75 per cent. of the Republican votes in Indiana into the ballot boxes before noon there'll be no doubt about our carrying the State."

"Get the vote out early" is always the first and last instruction to the party workers from the organization leaders, but a happier scheme than this of Mr. Frost has never been proposed.

Crank Seeks President.

A dispatch from Oyster Bay, dated Sept. 20, says: A man, regarded by the secret service as a dangerous crank, was apprehended here to-day. He is J. E. Reeves, a medium sized, roughly attired man about 40 years old. He was making his way to Sagamore Hill when arrested. He told Officer Tyree that he wanted to see the President on important business.

Reeves said that six years ago he died in a Jersey City hospital and went to heaven in an automobile. While there he received an important message for President Roosevelt, which he was directed to deliver personally. He declared, however, that he had written a book on his experiences in heaven, which he desired to have published as he was satisfied millions could be made out of it. The President, he said, undoubtedly would join in securing the publication of the work.

Reeves said he was a resident of Baltimore. He arrived here to-day from Hempstead. He had in his pockets $2 in cash and some unimportant papers, but no weapons. He was taken to Mineola, where inquiry into his mental condition will be held.

I will be at the Grand Central Hotel Monday evening, Sept. 26, and remain until Thursday morning, Sept. 29, with the fall line of Shirtings, etc., and Ladies' Waists. A. J. Martin.

Miss Flos Parsons of Orr & Parsons, Bradford, will be at the Grand Central Sept. 29th and 30th, with a full line of tailor hats, dress hats and millinery novelties.

Chi Namel makes your old furniture look better, wear better, than new. The only floor finish that will not mar or turn white. Holmes & Gilfillan.

Mr. Palmer Explains.

Frank Palmer remarks at length in a communication this week about an alleged false and "malisious" article which appeared in last week's MINER. The article in question has been pronounced as correct as could have possibly been gleaned from the various stories told by the most reliable authorities. As a matter of fact a number of incidents in connection with the affair can be related if necessary that are not at all favorable to Palmer. He was let down easily in the article last week, but apparently wishes to further advertise his actions in a rather unsavory matter, therefore his communication is published:

Smethport, Pa., Sept. 16, 1904.

EDITOR MINER:

Dear Sir:—In reply to your contemptible and malicious publication of Sept. 15, I will say in reply that it is false from beginning to end. The prisoners were held for court by Justice Knapp on the charges made by Mr. Palmer, and owing to his leniency they are enjoying their liberty to-day instead of languishing in jail. Mr. Palmer proved his case in every detail and when the prisoners were held for court the prosecutor withdrew his case rather than see the mother of two little children go to jail. Not because he could not prove his case but because the other younger daughter is about to become a mother.

Therefore, the prosecutor in his generosity, after his case had been proved and the prisoner held for court, he withdrew his suit and let them go for the reasons stated above. And the prosecutor wishes to state that the case was settled by the defendants agreeing to get out of McKean county within the week. Everything published in the MINER on Sept. 15 different from this statement is false in every detail.

Mr. Palmer did take them to the restaurant after the hearing and get them something to eat, as they said they had not been to supper and were hungry, and no one was ever known to appeal to him for food in vain if it was in his power to feed them. He also wishes to state that if he wished to drive in double harness the rest of his life he would not have to take up with a woman of questionable character for a partner.

Hoping this honest statement will find space in the columns of the MINER as readily as the false statement it remain Yours truly,

F. O. PALMER.

State Firemen's Association.

Nearly every organization of volunteer firemen in the State of Pennsylvania, as well from Western New York and Eastern Ohio, will be represented at the silver anniversary convention of the Pennsylvania State Firemen's Association, to be held at Erie, October 4-7. One-fare rates from all points in Pennsylvania and New Jersey and within a radius of 150 miles in New York and Ohio. Arrangements have been made for housing and entertaining 20,000 visitors. Among features of entertainment to be provided will be excursions to Niara Falls, a few hours' ride, by Lake Shore R. R., leaving Erie at 8 a. m. Tuesday and Saturday, October 4th and 7th, good returning for five days. The exhibit of fire apparatus and appliances will be the largest ever displayed. Write R. E. Ford, Erie, Pa., for circular of detailed information.

Pass this Along.

Editing a newspaper is a nice thing. If we publish jokes people say we are rattlebrained. If we don't, we are old fossils. If we publish original matter they say we don't give the selections. If we give selections they say we are too lazy to write. If we don't go to church we are heathens. If we do we are hypocrites. If we stay in the office we ought to be out looking for news items. If we go out, then we are not attending to business. If we were old clothes they laugh at us. If we wear good clothes, then we have a pull. Now, what are we to do? Just as likely as not some one will say we stole this from an exchange. So we did. But it is a good thing, so push it along.

Pickering's.

We take great pleasure in introducing the above firm to our subscribers as an advertiser, commencing with this issue. While we are satisfied that a great many of our readers are familiar with the class of merchandise handled by this firm, it may be that they have never purchased, for the reason that they were unable to pay the store a visit. This difficulty is now overcome as an elaborate mail order department has been established and you have only to write what you want. It is not necessary for us to go into detail regarding the reliability of this firm, but as we are always ready to stand back of any advertisement appearing in our paper we would certainly not accept an ad. unless we were satisfied that any of our readers would receive full value and good treatment in any dealings they may have with the above named concern. Their specialty is furniture, carpets and house furnishings, and if you are in need of anything of this character you had better look up the ad. and send for a catalogue. Kindly mention this paper when writing, then address Tenth and Penn, Pittsburg.

I have a large stock of trunks, suit cases and traveling bags at my usual low prices. Call and see them.

OBAS, LARRIMER.

DECADENCE IN ART

By AUTA POWELL

Copyright, 1904, by Auta Powell

Polly Anne Greenway's family thought her decidedly gifted, and that young lady's singular esteem for her relatives' opinions forced her to come to the same conclusion.

Nevertheless, when she announced her intention of studying art, her father demurred. It was one thing to have talent, but quite a different matter to depart from the beaten track, and Polly's family had other views for her.

"Let her marry and settle down," said her father.

But Polly's lips came together in a very firm line. There were plenty of women in the world. Let those who felt inclined marry and be given in marriage; as for her, she had a mission in life and she meant to perform it.

And she went about wearing such a set aspect expression that parental objections gave way and she was allowed one meager but soul inspiring year in New York.

After that began the long battle with publishers and advertising bureaus. Discouragement she met at first with the joy of resistance, but that sort of joy weakens with use, and surely Polly's ill luck was phenomenal.

At last her cover for the Christmas number of a magazine was accepted and hope once more lit its lamp in her breast. But when a villainous lithographer transformed her designs so that nothing remained that she could call her own, her stoicism gave way utterly, and she folded her wings for a season.

It was just at this juncture that the Y. M. O. D. C. made its appearance. This title he acquired later on, when she discovered that he was a Young Man of Diabolical Cunning.

Polly had met him at more than one function, and he swelled the list of a large and uninteresting bowing acquaintance from which individuals were once in a long while selected to fill up vacancies made by removals and occasional misunderstandings.

Why should he call upon her? She ran rapidly over her scant knowledge concerning him as she came down to meet him. Rather stiff and expressionless. Rumored well off and on the point of marriage to some strait-jacket. Nothing very decided, nothing particularly attractive.

The Y. M. O. D. C. rose before she had time to smile any "glad to see you" to his.

"Good morning, Miss Greenway. Perhaps I should apologize for troubling you, but the truth is I am in a dilemma and have come to you for advice."

Polly settled herself and became all attention. A man may be most uninteresting, but the moment he asks for advice he becomes in the eyes of the woman he is consulting a most discerning individual and decidedly worth cultivating.

"You probably are not aware that I have been building a house on Lincoln street."

She believed she had heard it mentioned in connection with the homecoming of the stranger bride.

"It is completed," he continued, "and is now ready for the decorators. Just here is where I want your advice. There are lots of professional decorators, but none of my friends' houses satisfies me. Some of them have been done by well known decorators. I choose to think they show a lack of individuality. Now I beg of you to undertake the management of the whole scheme of decoration and furnishing. Oh, pray don't veto it," as Polly's eyebrows went up to her pompadour, "till you have heard the out. I want such room in my house to be part of one scheme and the keynote of the whole thing to be simplicity. If you will undertake it you shall have all the help you wish—anything, everything you need to carry it out. It is well planned and well finished. I don't want it to be ostentatious or handsome or have any of those upholstery things, but to be quiet, restful, artistic—a home in every sense of the word."

"But I don't believe I'm competent," said Polly, to whom the idea began to appeal strongly—"in fact, I am sure I'm not."

"Does that mean that you wouldn't care to undertake it?"

"Oh, dear, no! I think I should like it above all things. I wish I had taken up that sort of thing at the art school."

"Then let us go at once and look at the house, and you can form your plans."

In five minutes they were on a car. Polly was carried off her feet. The whole undertaking grew momentarily more attractive, and, as she was an inveterate castle builder, by the time the car stopped at Lincoln street she had become a successful middle aged decorator.

She found the house a perfect gem in its way, beautifully laid out and with all sorts of possibilities in the way of decoration. As she went from room to room her delight and enthusiasm were good to see.

So the work was undertaken, and upon the whole everything went well. She did not often see the Y. M. O. D. C., but his appreciation and suggestions were always helpful, and a telephone message brought him immediately when he was needed to smooth out difficulties with stubborn or inefficient workmen.

It is hard to say just when Polly began to hate the bride elect, but the feeling reached its climax on that day when, everything being completed, the workmen gone and the owner out of town, she stole back for a last look before the key should have left her possession. She sat down on a high backed settle commanding a vista of three rooms. The sun threw stains and splashes of color on the inlaid floor, and outside a high wind whistled mournfully, the sort of wind that sings to sensitive ears of sorrow and desolation.

"I don't care how many houses I should decorate, there could never be another one just like this, and his wife will bring a whole lot of wedding presents and stuff and just ruin everything. I wish I had never seen the place. I wish I had never been born," she ended miserably. Then she wiped her eyes angrily. "No wonder I haven't been a success," she thought. "I am a weak minded simpleton anyway, and no doubt that fact is patent to every one but myself."

But notwithstanding her scorn of herself the tears continued to come from some inexhaustible source.

"Well, this is a success anyway," she mused a trifle more cheerfully, "and the color scheme and the plan are my own, and it cannot possibly turn into wretched, glaring pinks and blues or any old washed out things."

Then all at once the Y. M. O. D. C. stood before her horrified eyes and she felt like a thief as she stood up weakly and tendered him the key.

"No; sit down. Let's talk about it," he said. "Great success, isn't it? I cannot flatter myself too much for my courage and wisdom in going to you."

He sat down beside her on the settle, looking so thoroughly contented and prosperous that she hated him from the bottom of her heart, or thought she did, which is just the same thing till we find out the difference.

"Everything is finished. When shall we move in?" he said. "It needs a woman in trailing robes handling delicate china and moving lightly from room to room to give the finishing touch and turn it into a home."

"It will need servants in the kitchen and provisions in the pantry and plenty of management," said Polly grimly, sick of the picture he drew and determined to cut short his rhapsody.

"Well," he said quizzically, "when shall we move in and begin the management?"

"I should think your fiancee would have some choice in the matter."

"Oh, I don't know," said he unconcernedly. "I think perhaps she will be satisfied."

"You take a good deal for granted," said Polly. "You must think a wife is a perfect nonentity."

"You will be a good deal together, I hope," he went on, ignoring her remarks. "I like the way you manage things."

"Do you indeed?" thought Polly. Her lips quivered, and she made a mental resolution never again to cross the threshold.

There was a long silence while Polly looked at the rooms and the Y. M. O. D. C. looked at her. Finally Polly stood up, but he took her hand and drew her down again.

"When are we going to be married, Polly?" he said.

"Who?" gasped Polly.

"We—you and I—Polly."

"We—and your fiancee—what do you mean?" she cried in distress.

"There isn't any one but you, Polly. I built the house just to get you to decorate it; then people had to provide a reason, and it really wasn't worth while contradicting them. I'm a dreadful sinner, Polly, but I couldn't interest you in any other way. Do forgive me and admit that you love the house and me."

But Polly, wholly unprepared and too paralyzed for speech, sat back cold and pale. She shivered slightly.

A fire of driftwood had been laid in the quaint corner fireplace.

"Come, Polly," he said, taking her hand again; "we will light the fire and talk it over."

And they did.

Queer Fads of Smokers.

"Men who can afford to smoke really good cigars have more fads than other men you will meet in a day's walk," said a Broadway manufacturer who makes a good many cigars to order for his customers. "I know men who throw a cigar away the moment the ashes fall off. They believe the taste of it is ruined then. For such customers I make very close rolled cigars.

"Other customers like a cigar rolled so light that the ashes float off of their own accord. They like the red fire. Many men will never relight a cigar after it has gone out. Nothing could induce them to. Others relight a cigar five or six times before they discard it. Needless to say, they do not get the best of a good cigar.

"I have one customer who has a special brand of after dinner cigars made for him. They cost him $1 each net and are of medium size. It is his invariable habit to keep the cigar between his teeth half an hour before lighting it. His guests may light up with the coffee, but he never does. He likes to inhale the fragrance of the tobacco—to become permeated with it, to speak—before he lights up. Then the cigar lasts him precisely one hour."—New York Times.

Good as Her Word.

Esmeralda—She used to say that if she ever married a man it would be because she wanted to make him miserable, yet she married that young Frizzletop after she had known him only a week.

Gwendolen—Yes; it seems to have been a case of hate at first sight.—Chicago Tribune.

His Farewells.

"That young chap that calls on our Myrtilla reminds me of Patti," said the old man in the dining room.

"Why so?" asked his wife.

"He has so many farewell performances in the vestibule."—Baltimore Herald.

Worse Than That.

"Do you think that the governor's remarks were spontaneous, grandma?"

"Worse. They were positively scandalous."—Exchange.

Those Girls.

Stella—He wore my picture right over his heart, and it stopped the bullet. Bella—No wonder, dear; it would stop a clock.

ODD BURIAL CUSTOMS.

Some Strange Observances Among Australian Tribes.

There are some queer customs observed by the native Australians, their modes of disposing of the dead being noticeable and varied. When a mother loses a favorite child she carries the dead body about with her in a box or casing of bark until decomposition forces her to dispose of it either by burial or fire.

In the case of some prominent person of the tribe dying his nearest relatives cut off his hands and keep them as sacred remembrances, only parting with them after the odor from the members has become unbearable. Then they are thrown into a stream, hidden in a hollow tree or buried.

Women are held in such contempt among the Australian tribes that often they receive no burial at all, and it is a rare thing to see one mourned for by family and friends. But at the funeral of a man or boy the lamentations are loud and long, the female mourners being the most demonstrative.

With some of the tribes the practice of throwing the bodies of the dead over the branches of trees and leaving them for nature to dispose of is observed.

SLUGGISH RIVERS.

The Volga Falls Only About Three Inches Per Mile.

Considering its length the Volga is the most sluggish river. In 2,325 miles it falls only 965 feet, or slightly over three inches per mile, while at one point about the middle of its course the bed is fully fifty feet below sea level. Thus all the water to that height above the bottom must be still, save when stirred by floods.

The Volga also is singular among great rivers in having no mountainous course. It rises among marshes and lakes, and is so sluggish even then that a dam has been erected, which makes it navigable from its sixty-fifth mile onward. Almost within the historic period it must have been an offshoot from the Caspian, which then stretched far into the interior of Russia, drying up into a series of river connected lakes. The Volga has taken the place of these, along with many of their characteristics, including a general sluggishness.

The Scheldt is proverbially a slow river and is practically lost in a maze of canals, but its fall from source to sea is about fourteen inches in its total length of 240 miles.

THE NAME BLACKGUARD.

It Was Originally Applied to Lazy Boys and Servants.

The earliest record of the term blackguard is in the churchwarden's account of St. Mary-at-Hill, London, where, under date 1532, is, "Item, received for iij Torches of the Black Guard, iijd." This and the following old lines seem to show that the name was then applied to linkboys:

Her Cupid is a blackguard boy
That rubs his link full in your face.

The name was also given to menial servants in the king's kitchen. In the "Calendar of State Papers" is the following entry—"Aug. 17, 1535, Sir William Fitzwilliam to Mr. Secretary Cromwell—Refusal of the workmen to work for less than sixpence a day. Two of the ringleaders had been for some of the time blackguards of the king's kitchen." These "blackguards" were responsible for all cooking utensils and coals.

According to Miss Strickland, the historian, the scullions of the royal kitchen were for many centuries clad in black and were called the blackguards of England.

Loud Voiced Africans.

The timbre of the voices among central Africans is usually good—deep and strong in the men, very melodious and sweet in the women. One notable peculiarity about the people is the forced key in which they always carry on conversation. The ordinary quiet tones of civilized speech are scarcely ever heard among them. They literally shout, and, such being their habit, it is a matter of indifference to them whether the person to whom they are speaking is close by or twenty yards away. "They are most tireless chatterers," says a traveler. "I doubt whether any other people in the world talk so much or laugh so much. Their laughter is particularly healthy, natural and unrestrained, a most exhilarating sound."

The Roman Forum.

There were many forums in Rome, but the oldest and most famous was not created like a building at a certain time. The Forum Romanum was originally the lowlands between the Palatine, Capitoline and Quirinal hills, used as a meeting place for barter and politics by the tribes living on the hills named and on other hills near by. The development of this crude trading place and neutral ground into the Roman forum of later times was very gradual and irregular.

Unable to Compare.

He—Miss Kitty, I've heard it said that a kiss without a mustache is like an egg without salt. Is that so? She—Well, really I don't know. I can't tell, for in my life I never— He—Now, now, Miss Kitty! She—Never ate an egg without salt.

Time's Changes.

"Is the story you have written a historic novel?"

"No," answered the litterateur in hard luck. "It's a modern novel now. But I guess it will be historic before I get it published."—Washington Star.

You never know how long a man's memory is until you have offended him.—Atchison Globe.

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"NOTE THE WORD PEPSIN."
CURES Headache, Sleeplessness, Indigestion and Nervousness.
All Druggists, 10c, 25c and 50c.

HAMLET'S MALADY.

A Study of the Melancholy Dane and His Moods.

The tragedy of Hamlet is that a man of a peculiar introspective temperament is called upon to settle a practical crisis. Hamlet knew this very well himself, and that makes the tragedy deeper. Brutus never doubted when once his decision was taken that he was the right man to cure the evils of Rome; Hamlet doubted from the very beginning.

The times are out of joint. O cursed spite That ever I was born to set them right!

He was too fine, too distinguished, too intellectual, a character to be the rough instrument which fate demanded. He has the fatal malady of analyzing his own motives, which is generally destructive of action. If you once begin asking yourself what will be the results and consequences of a definite act, you will find that at the moment of action your will is paralyzed by excess of scrupulosity as Hamlet's was when with his drawn sword he saw his uncle praying. It was a disease of will from which Hamlet was suffering. In any other times it would not have been so fatal. In this particular time, when he was called upon to do a specific act—to avenge his father and kill the usurper—it is not he, but a mere creature of the Fortinbras build, who will be the savior of society. Observe, too, that, like many intellectual people, he cannot be sure of his own moods. He sees the ghost of his murdered father, but is it an honest ghost, is it really his father's spirit? Hamlet is not sure of it on the battlements at Elsinore; he is entirely disbelieves it in another mood, when despite the evidences of his senses he calls it "the beaver" from which no traveler returns." The interview who had returned is dismissed apparently as a fantasy of his brain. And these supernatural visitings in such an analytic and introspective mind do not, as a matter of fact, supply him with the motive for his subsequent actions. The ghost can make him put on an antic disposition, play with such creatures as Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, deride the senile lamentings of Polonius and lessen the torrent of his wrath against his mother. But what the ghost cannot do is to make him kill his uncle. He murders him at last, more or less accidentally, because his mother was poisoned and Laertes had gayed fool in the fencing bout. Anxiously destructive of strong, practical volition is an intellect so analytic as it has grown morbid—the tendency toward introspection, self analysis and self disgust, says Dr. W. L. Courtney in National Review.

A Fair Opportunity.

Tasso, being told that he had a fair opportunity of taking advantage of a very bitter enemy, replied: "I have no to plunder him, but there are which I wish to take from him—honor or his life, but his malice with."

Well spoken! "A noble take an enemy. . . shake and . . . How is that done? Love is the . . . weapon, . . . coals of fire on . . . head."—Exchange.

A GRATEFUL MAN.

What a N. Y. Central R. R. Engineer Says About Dr. Kennedy's Cal-cura Solvent.

Kidney disease is very common among railroad men. Nearly all engineers are troubled with pain in the back, this being one of the results from the constant jar of the engine. Mr. G. M. Geotchius, of Mattawan, N.Y., says: "I recommend Dr. Kennedy's Cal-cura Solvent to anyone troubled with their Kidneys and Liver. I have used it with great results. Many of my relatives and engineer friends tell me that nothing else gives them as much benefit as this wonderful medicine." All druggists, $1.00.

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We have a spleddid Formaldehyde Generator which we will lend to purchasers of one jar or more of Leninger's Solidified Formaldehyde.

It clears the air of all germs and makes your home atmosphere pure and sweet.

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Extremely simple, no trouble to use, perfectly harmless and efficient.

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Fish
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whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for
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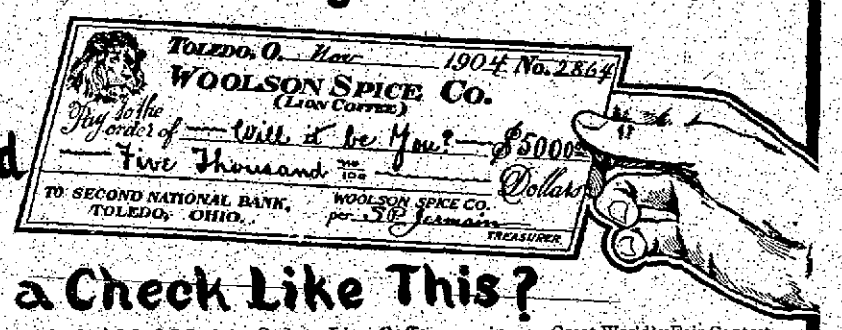
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We Have Awarded $20,000.00 Cash to *Lion Coffee* users in our Great World's Fair Contest—2139 people get checks, 2139 more will get them in the

Presidential Vote Contest

Five Lion-Heads cut from Lion Coffee Packages and a 2-cent stamp entitle you (in addition to the regular free premiums) to one vote. The 2-cent stamp covers our acknowledgment to you that your estimate is recorded. You can send as many estimates as desired.

What will be the total popular vote cast for President (votes for all candidates combined) at the election November 8, 1904?

In 1900 election, 13,959,653 people voted for President. For nearest correct estimates received in Woolson Spice Company's office, Toledo, O., on or before November 5, 1904, we will give first prize for the nearest correct estimate, second prize to the next nearest, etc., etc., as follows:

Grand First Prize of $5,000.00
will be awarded to the one who is nearest correct on both our World's Fair and Presidential Vote Contests.

We also offer $2,000.00 Special Cash Prizes to Grocer Clerks. (Particulars in each case of Lion Coffee.)

1	First Prize		$5,000.00
1	Second Prize		1,000.00
2	Prizes—$500.00	each	1,000.00
5	Prizes—200.00	"	1,000.00
10	Prizes—100.00	"	1,000.00
20	Prizes—50.00	"	1,000.00
50	Prizes—20.00	"	1,000.00
250	Prizes—10.00	"	2,500.00
1900	Prizes—5.00	"	9,500.00
2139	PRIZES,	TOTAL,	$30,000.00

How Would Your Name Look on One of These Checks?
Everybody uses coffee. If you will use *LION COFFEE* long enough to get acquainted with it, you will be suited and convinced there is no other such value for the money. Then you will take no other—and that's why we advertise. And we are using our advertising money so that both of us—you as well as we—will get a benefit. Hence for your *Lion Heads* we are using our advertising money so that both of us—you as well as we—will get a benefit. Hence for your *Lion Heads*

WE GIVE BOTH FREE PREMIUMS AND CASH PRIZES
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Stock is Complete,

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HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

C. J. VANBLAD.

"Go West,

Ranch it and rough it and you'll soon get rid of that weak chest and that hacking cough." That is what the doctor said to a young married man with a wife and child to care for and a modest salary to support them on. He *couldn't* go West. Love and duty tied him to his desk in the city.

People don't have to travel to cure coughs or strengthen weak lungs. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures obstinate, deep-seated coughs, bronchitis, bleeding of the lungs, weakness, emaciation and other forms of disease which if neglected or unskillfully treated terminate fatally in consumption.

"I will write you what Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has done for me," says George H. Belcher, Esq., of Dorton, Pike County, Ky. "Thirteen years ago I was wounded by a ball passing through my lung. I have had a bad cough almost ever since, with shortness of breath, and it was very easy to take cold; the slightest change of weather would cause the cough to be so bad I would have to sit up in bed all night. Could not eat or sleep at times; was all run down; could not work at all. A few months ago I began using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Have not used more than two bottles, and now can eat, sleep and work, and I feel like a new man. I cannot find words to sufficiently recommend Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, or tell the good it has done me."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser in paper covers is sent *free* on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay expense of mailing *only*. The book has 1008 pages and over 700 illustrations. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

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JOHN C. HAMLIN

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Sept. 22, 1904.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Fry & Comes are advertising furs and dress goods this week.

—Mrs. M. L. Bisett of the city store is advertising new fall goods in this issue.

—Princess and Duchess tourist coats are advertised by the Lindblom Co. this week.

—Several men were injured in a freight wreck on the D. R. & P. at Shamokin on Sunday. All will survive.

—"The Price of Honor," a melodrama of the style long dear to the hearts of American theatre goers, will be at the Lyceum Thursday evening, Sept. 29.

—Smethport has an aggregation of football players who are practicing every day and the prospects are brighter now for a good team than they ever were before.

—The supper given by the Ladies' Aid Society of the M. E. church at the M. E. chapel last Thursday evening was liberally patronized and a good sum was realized.

John Harrington of this place has been awarded the contract for the masonry work on the new Red House bridge, near Port Allegany. The abutments will contain 425 perches of stone and the bridge will be one hundred and fifty-two feet long.

—From September 14 to October 14, inclusive, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell one way Colonist tickets from all points in its territory to Western and Southwestern points at greatly reduced rates, thus affording a specially attractive opportunity to visit the growing and rapidly developing crop producing sections of the great Western Empire. Detailed information as to rates and times of trains can be had of all Pennsylvania Railroad ticket agents.

—The Eleventh Annual Convention of the Luther League of Pennsylvania will be held in Pittsburg, October 18 and 19, 1904. This convention gives promise of being the largest and most enthusiastic meeting yet held by this grand body of young Lutherans of the State. Preparations are being made by the local committees to extend to all who come a glad and hearty welcome. The sessions will be held in Dr. D. H. Geissinger's church, Grant street, which is very near the Union depot.

Spencer's Love Affair.

Herbert Spencer never married. When he was twenty years old he had something like a tender affair, and he tells about it in his autobiography. The young lady's affections had already been placed elsewhere, and she was only playing with the budding philosopher. One day her "young man" called, and they all went out for a walk. Spencer says: She, taking his arm, looked over her shoulder smilingly and rather mischievously to see what effect was produced on me, there being an evident suspicion that I should be displeased. The result was the agreeable to me, but such a display is not to be a shock of a sort kind.

Killing a Robin.

There are few of the present day and but few old women either—who believe that killing a robin will bring bad luck. According to ancient belief the slaughtering was a huge risk. The Arabians represented his wings as measuring 10,000 fathoms. This bird lived on worms, the latter being the streaks of lightning accompanying storms. The Germans remodeled the fiction by crediting the god Thor, whose bird was the robin. Consequently to kill a robin first meant death by lightning, then bad luck.

An Enormous Sundial.

A curious phenomenon is reported in the columns of a geographical publication. It is a large promontory in the Aegean sea, known as Hayon Horio, which extends 3,000 feet above the level of the water. As the sun swings around, the shadow of this mountain touches one by one a circle of islands separated by regular intervals, which act as hour marks. It is the largest sundial in the world.

Some Rope For Him.

Young Sylvester—Then you utterly cast me off, Esmeralda? Miss Esmeralda (with great gentleness)—Why, no, Sylvester. But—but it would be so silly for a girl to say yes the first time. If if you are of the same mind you might ask me again some day, you know.—Chicago Tribune.

Cut Off at Bargain Rates.

Percy—Young Algy had bad luck. He was disinherited recently. Harold—Cut off without a dollar, eh? Percy—No. His mother did the disinheriting. He was cut off with 99 cents.—Pittsburg Post.

All the More Annoying.

"But his statement about you is a tissue of malicious lies, is it not?"

"No; it's a very substantial combination of malicious lies, with a tissue of malicious truth."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Subscribe for the MINER

The Point of the Cape of Good Hope.

Cape point, which terminates the mighty headland known as the Cape of Good Hope, consists of a towering promontory of sandstone, which rises from the sea to an altitude of 840 feet. At the base of this stands a big solitary column which is known as Vasco da Gama's pillar. The lighthouse, which here illuminates the meeting place of the Atlantic and Indian oceans is one of the most important and most useful of its kind. It is visible from a distance of thirty-six miles. The cliff scenery is wild and sublime, the rocks are magnificent, and the far reaching sea, with the fierce surf beating on the iron bound coast, is impressive. In the water directly beneath the cliff sharks are abundant. A traveler describing the scene says that on the occasion of his visit so numerous were the evil looking monsters that the sight as he descended the cliff was most unpleasant. A slip and a fall into the sea at this point would mean that the unfortunate would be torn instantly limb from limb by the ravening brutes.

Chess and a Battleship.

Admiral Charles E. Clark, who took the battleship Oregon around Cape Horn and into action at Santiago, owed his appointment as commander of that boat to his skill as a chess player. Captain Clark was at San Francisco in command of the gunboat Bennington. When ashore he spent much time in the chess room of the Mechanics' library, where he met some of the best players in the city. When the time came to appoint a man to command the Oregon, a friend of Clark's in the navy department at Washington put his name forward. "You should see that man play chess," said he and went on to describe his intense application and determination, adding: "And that's why I think he can bring the battleship around safely if any one can." Three hours later Clark received orders to assume command of the Oregon and take her at once to Asian waters.—Argonaut.

The Nimble Paragraph.

It is a most extraordinary thing that some of our most successful novelists cannot turn out a newspaper paragraph to save their lives. In most novels there is some page or other on a supposititious clipping from a newspaper bearing upon the events under narration, and in ninety cases out of a hundred the matter that makes up the "clipping" is most unreal. The truth of the matter is that all the training in the world will not enable a man to write in this manner unless he has been through the mill and had all the nonsense deleted by the remorseless subeditor. Our novelists do not have their manuscript hacked and chopped about by this skillful executioner, and their pseudo newspaper clippings are models of what the real thing is not.—Journalist.

The Turnpike Era.

Between the years 1790 and 1840 innumerable plans were made for the creation of turnpikes in the United States. There had been one great success, the Lancashire turnpike in Pennsylvania, and then came countless other projects. In 1811 New York had 137 chartered roads, with a total length of 4,500 miles, and the sum required to build them amounted to $7,500,000. An era of canal digging and then of railroad building followed this period, but the canal promoters and railroad men had great difficulty in advancing their schemes. They were considered insane when they insisted that the mountains and plains could be conquered by these means of transportation.

Nature's Beauties.

Character is felt largely through the eye and ear. The thousand voices in nature, of bird and insect and brook, the soughing of the wind through the trees, the scent of flower and meadow, the myriad tints in earth and sky in ocean and forest, mountain and hill, are just as important for the development of a real man as the education he receives in the schools. If you take no beauty into your life through the eye or the ear your nature will be hard, hideous, unattractive.—Success.

The Horsefly.

The horsefly is the most cruel and bloodthirsty of the entire fly family. He is armed with a most formidable weapon, which consists of four lancets so sharp and strong that they will penetrate leather. He makes his appearance in June. The female is armed with six lancets, with which she bleeds both cattle and horses and even human beings.—Colman's Rural World.

Procrastination.

"One of the greatest evils in life," said the elderly woman, "is procrastination."

"I think so, too," replied the young married woman. "I don't see the sense of putting off your golden wedding anniversary till you are sixty or seventy years old."

Her Postscript.

"Dear Mr. Hicks," she wrote, "I am sorry that what you ask I cannot grant. I cannot become your wife.—Yours sincerely, Ethel Burrows." Then she added: "P.S.—On second thought, dear George, I will marry you. Do come up tonight and see your own true Ethel."

Buried Treasure.

Medium—I can tell you about a buried treasure. Patron—Please don't! My husband is always tooting that in my ears. Medium—Does he know anything about a buried treasure? Patron—Yes; his first wife.

When a man dies his widow begins to look for valuable papers. The only papers the average man has are receipted ice and coal bills.—Atchison Globe.

Duff's College

Gives a Brand-Winning Education—Educates for positions and manages to invest the demand of the prosperous commercial age—Big demand for graduates.

P. DUFF & SONS, 6th St. & Liberty, Pittsburg, Pa.

Rapid Spread of Plants.

It is marvelous how rapidly some plants will spread themselves over wide stretches of land. The writer was struck with the way in which the yellow charlock took possession of the line when the Moon Valley railway was being made. The very next spring after the embankments were thrown up their sides were clothed with this rampant and conspicuous cruciffer. A line of yellow across the country marked in many places the course of the railway. Poppies, too, for some unknown reason, will occasionally appear in strange and wonderful profusion. The striking instance related by Lord Macaulay may be quoted by way of illustration. After the battle of Landen the ground, he tells us, "during many months was strewn with skulls and bones of men and horses and with fragments of hats and shoes, saddles and holsters. The next summer the soil, fertilized by 20,000 corpses, broke forth into millions of poppies. The traveler who, on the road from St. Trond to Tirlemont, saw that vast sheet of rich scarlet spreading from Landen to Neerwinden could hardly help fancying that the figurative prediction of the Hebrew prophet was literally accomplished—that the earth was disclosing her blood and refusing to cover the slain."—Longman's Magazine.

A Zuni Baby.

The Zuni child spends his early days in a cradle. But a cradle in Zuniland does not mean down pillows, silken coverlets and fluffy laces. It is only a flat board, just the length of the baby, with a hood like a doll's buggy top over the head. Upon this hard bed the baby is bound like a mummy, the coverings wound round and round him until the little fellow cannot move except to open his mouth and eyes. Sometimes he is unrolled and looks out into the bare whitewashed room, blinks at the fire burning on the hearth and fixes his eyes earnestly on the wolf and coarse skins that serve as chairs and beds and carpets in the Zuni home. By the time he is two or three years old he has grown into a plump little bronze creature, with the straightest of coarse black hair and the biggest and roundest of black eyes. He is now out of the cradle and toots about the house and the village. When the weather is bad he wears a small coarse shirt and always a necklace of beads or turquoise.—St. Nicholas.

A Thousand Ways of Lying.

There are a thousand ways of lying, but all lead to the same end. It does not matter whether you wear lies, tell lips, act lies or live lies, your character is ruined all the same.

There is no more demoralizing influence in modern life than the unnatural straining to seem other than we are. Nothing else so quickly lowers self respect, takes the fine edge off honor and blunts the conscience as the sense of being a sham, a gilded fraud or an unreality. It cheapens standards, lowers ideals, saps ambition and takes the spring and joy out of living. No man can make the most and the best of himself until he is absolutely honest with his own soul and unfalteringly true to his highest ideals, and this is impossible while he is living a lie.—Success.

The Moorish Woman at Home.

When not fixed up for visitors the Moorish woman is always en dishabille, lounging about all day in a loose cotton or muslin nightgown, rose or yellow being her favorite shade, her bare feet thrust into slippers very much down at the heel and a flower stuck in her wisp of uncombed hair, which, from a continual use of henna dye, is apt to break out in patches of yellow, green or gray. Hairbrushes are unknown, a very coarse comb alone being used, which may account for the fact that the hair is never glossy or well kept. She has a devouring passion for paints, powders and perfumes, attar of roses and sandalwood being in special demand.—Pilgrims.

A Tree Distillery.

On the Canary islands grows a fountain tree, a tree most needed in some parts of the islands. It is said that the leaves constantly distill a quantity of water that is sufficient to furnish drink to every living creature in it. Nature, having provided this remedy for the drought of the island. Every morning near this part of the island a cloud of mist arises from the sea, which the winds force against the steep cliff on which this tree grows, and it is from the mist that the tree distills the water.

Proved It.

"My wife will bear witness," said the prisoner at the bar, "that at the very time I am accused of burglarizing Mr. Smith's premises I was engaged in walking the floor with my infant child in my arms, endeavoring to soothe it by singing 'Rock-a-by, Baby.'"

"The prisoner is discharged," remarked his honor. "He can prove a lullaby."

Waiting Instead of Going.

The art in life is to sit still and to let things come toward you, not to go after them or even to think that they are in flight. How often I have chased some divine shadow through a whole day till evening, when, going home tired, I have found the visitor just turning away from my closed door.—Arthur Symons in Saturday Review.

Your Advertising.

See that your clerks know all about your advertising plans. Some clerks would never know that you were advertising if you waited for them to read the advertisements voluntarily.—American Advertiser.

There is no great genius without a tincture of madness.—Seneca.

NELSON & BEARIKLE

The New Livery and Sales Stable.

Connected with St. Elmo Hotel, Fraley St., Kane, Pa.

First-class accommodations for the care of horses and vehicles.

Satisfactory service guaranteed.

The Paradise of Umbrellas.

Surakarta is the paradise of umbrellas. They are carried proudly over the heads of every official and every nobleman, but invariably are shut at the approach of a person of higher rank, and inside the kraton no umbrella may be carried open except that of the emperor himself. The umbrella is the crown, the wand of office, the outward sign of rank and distinction. There are umbrellas of gold inside and out for the emperor, of gold outside only for the empress, with a stripe of yellow satin for the emperor's brothers, with a wider stripe of the same material for his illegitimate brothers, of white silk with a narrow gold stripe for the illegitimate sons of the legitimate brothers, and so on ad infinitum. Every official, every military officer, exhibits his rank in his umbrella, which is invariably held from behind by an attendant whenever he leaves his house in sunshine or cloudy weather. There is an official guide book to the umbrella labyrinth of Surakarta which contains not less than 300 various designs in all imaginable colors and ornamentation.—Century.

Calvary Clover.

Calvary clover, a flower strangely symbolic of the principles of Christianity, flourishes in Palestine. Calvary clover leaves, like those of other clovers, are trefoil, embodying the doctrine of the Trinity, the central truth of Christianity. Soon after the plant begins to appear above the ground a deep spot of redlike blood appears upon each division of the leaf, but this disappears after a few weeks.

During the day the tiny leaflets form themselves into the shape of a cross, and as the sun sinks to rest the leaves again fold together. It has been suggested, as if in prayer. In due time the blossom becomes a small yellow flower and then a spiral pod covered with thorns. In ripening the flowers interlace, and in their peculiar positions many persons think they can detect the outline of a crown. Tradition says that it is good fortune to plant the seed of the Calvary clover on Good Friday.

Bribery.

Gracie—Oh! Stealing jam! I'm going to tell mamma. Freddy—Wouldn't you rather have some jam?—Harper's Bazar.

Remember that to be successful as a hypocrite you need to be a first class actor. Comparatively few can play the part.—Somerville Journal.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date.

Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years experience.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,

Smethport, Pa.

ACME MILL,

GREEN BROS., Props.

MY STOCK IS FRESH AND CONSISTS OF

Flour, Feed, Meal, Wheat, Corn Oats, Hay, Straw, Bran, Middlings, Hominy, Linseed Meal, Etc.

Goods Sold for Cash only and Delivered Promptly.

Water & Hill Sts., Smethport

BARGAINS.

Black Cat Stockings for Boys and Girls are good values at 15 and 25c per pair.

Malta Vita at 10c a package is a bargain.

F. S. Flour contains 49 lbs. of satisfaction, together with the finest produced. Try it.

Chase & Sanborn's coffee from 13c lb. to 35c are standard values.

Can corn is high and scarce We have some best brands of York State pack at 12½ can.

J. COLEGROVE,

SMETHORT, PA.

Next to Bank.

Fall and Winter Shoes. . . . .

Our stock of Shoes for the Fall and Winter is complete and we are showing a large stock of the best makes.

When in need of footwear of any description gives us a call.

Shoes for Men
Shoes for Women
Shoes for Children
Shoes for Everybody

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

E. W. JONES,

(Successor to F. H. Nourse.

LIVERY & FEED STABLE

Bennett House Barn

First Class Rigs at Reasonable Prices.

Directly Opposite Court House

SMETHPORT, PA

Subscribe for the Miner.

Pure Drugs and Medicines

Can always be found at our store.

Also a full line of

NOVELTIES, TOBACCOS, CIGARS, ETC.

PRESCRIPTIONS

Left in our care will be promptly and carefully filled.

Wells Pharmacy.

STOP! READ and REMEMBER

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES
AND A CHOICE LINE OF

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

FURNITURE

You make no mistake in buying here. Our line is complete, and prices low.

CARPETS

An elegant assortment just received. Time to secure best values. Remember our wall paper contains all the latest styles.

Main Street, Smethport. **Specht & Sasse**

McKean County Miner.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Sept. 22, 1904.

It is strange that the Democrats are so anxious to have the full rights of suffrage granted to the Filipino, when they so strongly oppose suffrage to the black man of the South.

It is not a question of whether or not the Republicans can carry this county this fall, but a question of how large the majority will be. Turn out and vote and make it a record breaker on Nov. 8.

Democrats are so scarce in some of the western counties of the State that the party has not been able to get candidates in many instances. There are really very few wars for a Pennsylvania Democrat to have fun, and running for office isn't one of them.—Philadelphia Press.

Peter I was crowned King of Servia yesterday at Belgrade. The crowd was only moderately enthusiastic. The little crown prince, riding behind the King, evoked the first real enthusiasm of the day. A remarkable feature of the coronation was the absence of all royalty of other nations.

The wage-worker would do well to remember that if protection is "robbery," and is to be punished accordingly, he will be the first to pay the penalty for either he will be turned adrift entirely, or his wages will be cut down to the starvation point.—From President Roosevelt's letter of acceptance.

S. R. Dresser should receive an unusually large vote in the county this fall. He has represented this district one term in the halls of Congress in a most satisfactory manner and as he is a man of the highest sense of honor and the purest integrity he should receive a large complimentary vote besides all of that of his party.

It begins to look very much as if the Democratic differences in the Twenty-sixth Congressional district—composed of Carbon, Northampton, Monroe and Pike counties—would open the way for the election of a Republican there this year. It will not be the first time, and strongly Democratic as the district is the outlook is not by any means hopeless.

Nearly every day some prominent Democrat announces his intention to vote for Roosevelt for President. Robert Treat Paine, Jr., of Boston, twice the Democratic candidate for Governor in Massachusetts, and the man who has polled the largest Democratic vote in that State in many years, has now announced his intention to support Roosevelt.

Senator Fairbanks is a spellbinder of the first water. His speeches are models in every way. He enjoys campaigning and his trip to the Pacific coast promises to be one grand series of ovations. It is clear that the Republican convention acted with rare foresight and wisdom when it selected the "Man from Indiana" as President Roosevelt's running mate.—Oil City Derrick.

Japan's Gain from Military Secrecy.

Japan has, by the policy pursued during the present war, practically revolutionized, once for all, the attitude of all armies in regard to the publicity of their operations.

The public has had its attention riveted on the exclusion of newspaper correspondents. This is only part of the larger program. In all other armies in the field each man has on his cap his regiment, his company, his corps badge and often his brigade. A capture of prisoners always gives information as to the force opposed and sheds light upon the maneuvers and policy of the enemy.

In the Japanese army the men carry no such insignia. No corps badges are used. Regimental insignia have been removed from the uniform of both officers and men. The arm of the service is indicated and the rank; nothing more. Even the aluminum tablet which each soldier in a modern army carries for identification has only a name and a number. The result is that when prisoners are captured, dead found or wounded brought in, they carry no indication as to the force opposed.

It is an immemorial custom in modern armies, in general orders, and in reports, to mention specifically the organizations concerned and the officers who have distinguished themselves. The Japanese War office has reversed all this. Not even in Japan are any reports published from which any one can gather what regiments have been engaged in a particular movement and what brigades have been on a battlefield. No officers' names are mentioned. No organizations figure. Reports, dispatches and general orders, which in most wars have enabled any one familiar with the organization of an army to tell where its regiments and corps were stationed, have furnished no light during the present war either to the Russians or to the world.

The gain from this policy has been enormous and present at every turn. The Russians have worked in the light, revealing at every movement the military units they had engaged. The Japanese have been shrouded in a complete military secrecy. No Russian officer has been able to tell exactly what force was opposed to him or to make the estimates as to its size, which past military practice has rendered possible.

The practice of Japan will undoubtedly work a revolution. The change is so great, the result so visible and the fruit so valuable that no army will be willing to increase its risks, diminish its chances of success, and reveal its every movement by continuing the foolish practice of the past, which has made every prisoner an unwilling spy, every man left dead on the field a witness of the forces engaged, and every general order a revelation of the changing dispositions of troops during a campaign.

The wars of the future will be fought in the dark, and nations which have been able in the past to follow every step will find that the price of victory is concealment and secrecy until triumph is won.—Philadelphia Press.

Hauling Down the Flag.

Mr. F. K. Dasher of Harrisburg wants to know, "Where was the spirit of John A. Dix when we hauled the flag down in Cuba?" This question apropos of The Press' cartoon of the spirit of Dix pointing the warning finger as Judge Parker writes in favor of hauling down the flag in the Philippines, says the Philadelphia Press.

The answer is very plain. No American ought to need it. Cuba was never ours. The resolutions of Congress which declared war against Spain contained the pledge that Cuba should be independent. We were there as guardian for a time, never as owner. The flag, therefore, was not hauled down where it had been hauled up as the representative of American sovereignty. The Philippines, on the other hand, are distinctly ours. They were ceded to us by the treaty with Spain and are just as much our territory as Alaska or New Mexico.

The American flag has never yet been hauled down where it had been hauled up as the symbol of American possession and sovereignty, except when Cleveland hauled it down in Hawaii, and there the American people hauled it up again at the first opportunity. The proposal to haul it down in the Philippines is the first proposal of the kind that any American party has ever dared to make.

The Secret of Success.

Forty million bottles of August Flower sold in the United States alone since its introduction! And the demand for it is still growing. Isn't that a fine showing of success? Don't it prove that August Flower has had unfailing success in the cure of indigestion and dyspepsia—the two greatest enemies of health and happiness? Does it not afford the best evidence that August Flower is a sure specific for all stomach and intestinal disorders?—that it has proved itself the best of all liver regulators? August Flower has a matchless record of over thirty-five years in curing the ailing millions of those distressing complaints—a success that is becoming wider in its scope every day, at home and abroad, as the fame of August Flower spreads. Trial bottles, 25c; regular size, 75c. For sale by H. C. Wells.

Notice to Advertisers.

All advertisers should remember that changes of advertisements must reach this office not later than 1 p. m. on Tuesday in order to appear in the following issue of the Miner. We must strictly enforce this rule so it would be well to paste this where the "ad man" can see it.

$42.50 Buffalo to the Pacific Coast

Via the Nickel Plate Road. One way Colonist tickets on sale daily from September 15th to October 15th. For full information see your local ticket agent, or write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

Subscribe for the Miner.

ROSS-14K

F-768

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR

Main St. - Smethport

Success.

Nothing succeeds like success! Westbrook Academy opened its 23d year with nearly a full house. MERIT alone is its drawing card—no drummers, no cheap rates, no false inducements. A school of thorough business methods, business character and standing, all essential to the success of young persons seeking business positions. For particulars send to

WESTBROOK ACADEMY, Olean, N. Y.

Hoot Woman!

Do ye noo ken the profits on your groceries will gie ye muckle glass and siller?

Such was the way that a Scotch grocer, who handles

C. R. Maltby Co.'s

Signature Brand Groceries

explained their value to one of his customers. Every package of tea, coffee, flour, fruit and other groceries which you buy with the signature of the C. R. Maltby Co. on it is worth money to you.

Ask your grocer for

Signature BRAND

every time you buy goods. Save your signatures—get our splendid premium catalogue showing cut-glass, china, furniture, etc., all of the finest quality which *you* can have free as part of your co-operative buying.

C. R. MALTBY CO., CORNING, N. Y.

For Sale by Gallup Grocery Co., Smethport and H. W. King, East Smethport.

THE WELL KNOWN

FURNITURE and CARPET HOUSE

Will pay the freight anywhere on earth.
We are the largest in our line in the State.

WE GUARANTEE SATISFACTION.

If your credit is good anywhere on earth it is good here.
Come in, take your PICK of our Half Million Dollar Stock.
DON'T BOTHER ABOUT THE MONEY—WE WILL TRUST YOU.

Your Credit Is Good

PICKERING'S

10th & Penn, Pittsburg

If you pay cash we allow 10 per cent.
We prefer you to call; if you cannot, then write for Catalogue. "Ned-Ced."
Please Mention this Paper.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1. per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, The Miner, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.25.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

TO EVERYBODY

Whenever you visit Bradford it is our wish that you come and see us, whether you have cause or not.

Most homes have a man or a boy about and as long as we are in the men's and boys' outfitting business we claim the right to extend an invitation to you to call on us.

New things for spring are opening daily, and now that you know our wishes come.

IKE SIMONS

46-48 Main St. BRADFORD. The Fig Table Clothier Store

Brasted's ICE CREAM and Soda with Crushed Fruits

Rochester Business Institute

BUSINESS AND SHORTHAND COURSES.

Young people fitted and placed in Business Positions.
More positions to fill than candidates to recommend.
New 1904-'05 Catalogue ready.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

BIG BARGAINS

IN MEN'S BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S CLOTHING

It is time for me to get ready for and make room for new Fall Stock. Business has been big so I can therefore make some big reductions in all the three Depts. above named. If you don't call in and look around you are surely out of town. . . . . .

H. W. RUBIN, SMETHPORT, PENNA.

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

PURPLE TRADING STAMPS PURPLE TRADING STAMPS

Clearance Sale

Of all Wash Goods, such as Lawns, Dimities, Organdies and other thin goods

ALL GOODS WILL BE SOLD AT COST

Purple Stamps will be given with each cash purchase.

Also what Shirt Waists are left will be sold at cost.

Ask to see the remnant baskets as you will find exceptionally good values.

D. C. YOUNG

SMETHPORT, PA.

July 19, 1904.

PLACE YOUR ORDER FOR

Fall and Winter Clothing

with me. Have an up-to-date and complete line to select from and if you are thinking of getting a

SUIT, OVERCOAT OR TROUSERS

made to order it will pay you to call and inspect my line before going elsewhere. Clothes cleaned and pressed promptly. A trial will convince you.

Satistaction Guaranteed.

C. W. Shillenn,

The Leading Tailor

Chadwick Block. Smethport.

McCoy's Drug Store.

We carry a full line of
BUTTERICK PATTERNS
EASTMAN KODAKS and SUPPLIES
PARKER FOUNTAIN PEN
TUXEDO STATIONARY
and are headquarters for
PURE DRUGS, MEDICINES,
BOOKS, DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES,
CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

McCoy's Drug Store.

It is not Extravagance

If you come to us for your Summer Furniture. It is true that we have the best but it does not cost as much here as much here as the ordinary kind elsewhere.

Be cool and comfortable during the hot summer months. You can do it just as well as not; all it requires is some of our easy Porch Furniture.

"See Sloan First."

16 Main Street, BRADFORD, PA.

The Lindholm Company

DRY GOODS CLOAKS CARPETS SHOES NOTIONS

PRINTZESS

Tourist Coats for Fall Wear

37-42-45 inch length in Fancy Mixtures, Plain Coverts and Waterproof Cravanettes.

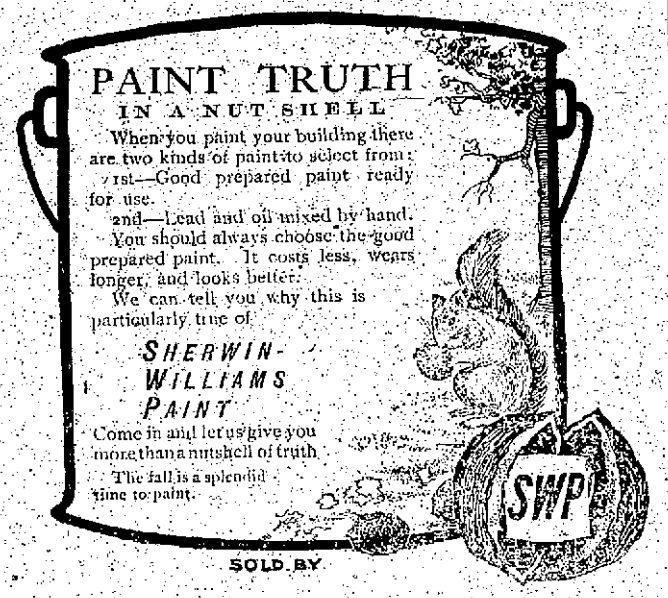
Printzess garments are noted for their individual style, quality and workmanship. Every one guaranteed.

THE DUCHESS AND PRINTZESS TAILOR-MADE SKIRTS.

We are confident that there are no better or more complete lines shown than these. They're perfect fitters and of the very latest styles. All sizes and colors in both Ladies and Misses Skirts.

All the newest things in Winter Coats and Furs are now displayed in our large remodeled Cloak Department.

See Our Skirt and Coat Window.


PAINT TRUTH
IN A NUT SHELL
When you paint your building there are two kinds of paint to select from:
1st—Good prepared paint ready for use.
2nd—Lead and oil mixed by hand.
You should always choose the good prepared paint. It costs less, wears longer, and looks better.
We can tell you why this is particularly true of
SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINT
Come in and let us give you more than a nutshell of truth.
The fall is a splendid time to paint.
SWP
SOLD BY

REDFIELD'S HARDWARE

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport, as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Sept. 22, 1904.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—A heavy frost last night did much damage in this section.

—A light fall of snow is reported in the Adirondacks yesterday.

—Don't forget the pennant raising game here next Wednesday.

—About 35 rooters followed the ball team to Eldred Tuesday to see the game.

—Anderson & Carlson have a change of advertisement in this issue. Fall and winter footwear is the topic.

—Ella Blockwell of Bradford, an old offender, is in jail awaiting trial for selling liquor without a license.

—The attention of our lady readers is directed to the change of advertisement of Mrs. A. E. Hinman this week.

—The new gymnasium for Edinboro Normal will be ready for occupancy Nov. 1, 1904. Descriptive catalog free. John F. Bigler, Prin.

—A large crowd should turn out to see the Pennant raising game at Kane field next Wednesday. Perhaps it will be the last game this season.

—Editor D. A. Dennison of the Bradford Era is confied to his home by illness. His many friends in this section hope for his speedy recovery.

—The open season for killing black, gray and fox squirrels is from October 15 to December 15, inclusive. There is no law protecting red squirrels.

—A man will struggle all his life to get the earth but when his doctor informs him that it will soon be thrust upon him he discovers that he does not want it—that way.

—Frank Purtle left yesterday for Hastings, Pa., where he will join the "Uncle Hez" Company. He has accepted a position to play cornet in their band and orchestra.

—Mrs. Jonathan Colegrove gave a card party for a large number of friends last Monday evening. Excellent refreshments were served and all spent a delightful evening.

—Mr. Chas. E. Borgman and Miss Minnie S. Delkey, both of Salamanca, N. Y., were united in marriage at the M. E. parsonage last Thursday evening by Rev. G. H. Patterson.

—"The Fatal Imposture and Force of Words" is the subject for next Sunday evening at the Methodist church. The morning subject is "Lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil."

—Frank Adams and his company presented "Uncle Hez" at the Lyceum last Friday night and it gave general satisfaction to the well-filled house. Every member of the company took his or her part well and the specialties were good. The Lyceum management is getting some good attractions here this season and deserves the liberal patronage it is receiving.

—E. E. Heath has placed a sectional mirror in his barber shop this week. The mirror is made for three chairs and is finished in oak and marble. Elmer now has one of the handsomest barber shops in this section.

—Mrs. Mary Hussey has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Elizabeth Marie, to Mr. John J. Miller of New York. Miss Hussey is one of Smethport's most esteemed young ladies and Mr. Miller is a successful lumber dealer.

—The Junior Auxiliary of St. Luke's parish will give a series of chafing dish luncheons at the parish house on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday afternoons, Nov. 8, 9 and 10, from 3:30 to 5:30. Admission 10 cents. This will be the week of the county teachers' institute.

—The centennial celebration of the settlement of Olean, will be held in that city October 6 and 7. An excellent program is being arranged for this occasion. We wish to thank the committee for an invitation to the reception to be held at the State Armory on the evening of October 6.

—The Grange basket picnic, which was to have been held at Burbank's crossing yesterday was held at the hose house on account of the unsettled condition of the weather. A large number attended the festivities and all report a most enjoyable time. Chadwick's orchestra furnished excellent music for the dancing.

—The county superintendent has decided that the teachers who flirted and whispered during the institute in Wilkesbarre were not sufficiently interested in their profession to profit by the instruction offered and bonco are not good enough teachers to earn salaries. He has refused them permission to teach next year.—Wellsboro Gazette

—Robert Hilton's horses have been doing some good work on the track the past few days. At Little Valley, N. Y., Red Lady won the 2:27 pace in three straight heats, best time 2:28¼. In the 2:40 pace Audrey won in three straight heats, best time 2:26¼. And at Hamburg Red Lady won three straight heats, best time 2:22¼. William Campbell drove the horses in all these races.

—At a hearing yesterday afternoon before Alderman Egbert, an Italian who withholds his real name, and who was arrested on a charge of assault upon the nine-year-old daughter of Frank Ross, was bound over to the next term of court under the sum of $300 bail. The necessary bonds were not forthcoming and the prisoner was taken to the Smethport jail at noon to-day. The Italian calls himself James O'Neil.—Wednesday's Bradford Star.

—Santelle's circus has come and gone and perhaps there are more who are sorry that it came than those who are sorry that it has gone. As a whole the show was weak and commonplace. The grounds were wet and muddy, which accounts for some of the acts being tame, but the show here was lacking of any particularly strong feature.

—Mr. and Mrs. H. Pike of Bradford have brought action against the supervisors of Annin township to recover damages for injuries received by Mrs. Pike June 27, 1904. The latter was out driving with a brother and was thrown from the rig, being injured quite severely. It is alleged that the road was not in a proper condition for driving.—Port Allegany Argus.

—Ed. T. Daly had some of the ligaments in his left foot quite badly strained last Sunday while in Port Allegany. Mr. Daly was raising the top to his buggy and as he stepped down to the ground his foot hit on an uneven spot, turning his ankle. He got into his buggy and drove hurriedly home, where Dr. Clark dressed the member and now Mr. Daly is able to be about on crutches.

—The October number of the Smart Set is a veritable mine of brilliant stories and poems. "Moored," by Anna A. Rogers, is the title of the novelette which opens the issue. It is a story full of power and quiet humor, dealing with the temptation which comes to the young wife of a naval officer while he is abroad and she is "moored" at home. The tale leaves a remarkably vivid impression and will attract wide attention.

—The Misses Lydia, Bessie and Lizzie Klapperbach, Mrs. Steve Sartwell, nee Anna Klappenbach, and Master Fritz Klappenbach each received a check for two hundred and forty dollars Monday, the money having been left to them by their grandfather who died recently in the old country. A sister at Bradford was also as kindly remembered in the grandfather's munificence.—Port Allegany Reporter. The Klappenbach family formerly lived in Smethport.

—A Salamanca special of yesterday says: Ray Newberry, a young man residing in Little Valley, met death this morning while caught fast in the braces of a light sulky attached to a horse careering madly down a steep hill near the farm house of Wallace Cornell, at Buckmouth Run. Just how the accident occurred is a mystery, for when Newberry was found he was in an unconscious condition and remained in this state up to the time of his death.

—Thursday, September 29, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will run the last special low rate excursion to Buffalo and Niagara Falls, for the present season. Round-trip tickets, good going only on train indicated, and good returning on all regular trains September 29 and 30, but not good in Pullman sleeping or parlor cars, will be sold at reduced rates. Train leaves Larrabee at 9:47 a. m. Rate $2.15 round trip. Children between 5 and 12 years of age, half rates.

—A Hazelton, Pa., dispatch of Tuesday says: After courting for more than half a century, Jerome Hunsinger, 76, and Miss Anna Lutz, 71 years old, both of Irish Valley, were married last night at the home of Peter Longenberger, in Mountain Grove, the Rev. C. H. Kirchner, pastor of the Reformed church at Conninghani, officiating. The pair have been lovers since childhood, and have always assisted each other in farm work. Although the community knew they were inseparable friends it was not believed they would marry.

—"The Price of Honor," which will be the attraction at the Lyceum Thursday, Sept. 29, is best described as an up-to-date melodrama of wonderful heart interest, strong climaxes and thrilling situations abound in its several acts and the love story is a sweet and ennobling one. Sensational to a certain degree, "The Price of Honor" never oversteps the bounds of plausibility. Several interesting scenes of New York life are shown and scenic reproductions of land marks of the metropolis are transferred to the stage with vivid realism.

—As near as we can learn there was only one man swindled out of his money here by the gang of fakirs and crooks who follow the Santelle circus. The unfortunate man lost about $70 and it is not his fault that he did not lose more, for after dropping that amount he attempted to borrow $75 from several Smethport friends, but they surmising what he wanted it for refused the loan. We have not been able to learn just what the game was but from what we have heard it must be something comparatively new. After this man had lost his $70 a couple of cappers told him how he could win $750 if he could raise enough money to play their system. The victim is a hardworking farmer who could easily have borrowed the money had he wanted it for a legitimate purpose, but we presume he considers his best friends his enemies now because they would not lend him money on this occasion.

I have money to loan on real estate no matter where located, at 4½ and 5 per cent. interest. There is no reason for paying a larger interest than this. If you have real estate that will warrant a loan, write to me about it. All correspondence strictly confidential.

F. Armington Peavey,
Mortgage Broker,
1090 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Girls Wanted.

Two girls for general housework. Good wages and nice home. For particulars apply to or address Mrs. Wm. McKeown, Mt. Alton, Pa.

Now is the time to paint, and Devoe Lead and Zinc Paint is the proper paint to paint. Easily the best. Ask Holmes & Gilfillan.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Personal Mention.

Guy B. Mayo had business in Eldred yesterday.

Miss Myrtle Smith of Driftwood is visiting friends in town.

Mrs. Robert H. Rose of Binghamton is visiting relatives in town.

W. T. and Ed. Seger of New York are visiting friends in town.

Mrs. Carrie Smith of Bradford spent Sunday with relatives in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Palmer of Bradford were Sunday visitors in town.

Miss Edith McGuier and Miss Frances McClure visited Eldred Tuesday.

Mr. Max Wendell of Clermont is the guest of relatives in Buffalo, N. Y.

Mrs. J. C. Backus and Miss Mattie Backus visited Eldred on Tuesday.

Robert H. Rose returned to his home in Binghamton, N. Y., on Monday.

Walter Hull of Port Allegany was the guest of friends in town over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Herzog left yesterday for a visit with relatives in Pittsburg.

Miss Edna Burdick of Rixford is the guest of Mrs. Fred Hungerville this week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Rubin and family were Bradford visitors the first of the week.

Sheridan Gorton, Jr., is home from Brooklyn, N. Y., on a visit with his parents.

Horace B. King left Tuesday for Bucknell University, where he will enter as a student.

Mrs. A. E. Hinman spent Sunday with her daughter, Mrs. H. C. Lyman at Roulette.

Mrs. L. Hopper and daughters, Hazel and Alberta, spent Sunday with friends in Belmont, N. Y.

Mrs. H. A. Stevens of Ridgway, who has been visiting friends in town, returned to her home today.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Lyman of Buffalo, N. Y., are visiting relatives at Clermont, Pa., Olean and Richburg, N. Y.

Elmer Ramer, who is attending Westbrook's Business College at Olean, was a guest of his parents over Sunday.

Mrs. Rose Magner of Buffalo and Mrs. Mary Brooder of Bradford visited their niece, Mrs. Allen Park, the first of the week.

Mrs. Edna Brennan Watson, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Gallup of Mt. Jewett, returned Saturday from a week's visit in New York City.

Rev. E. B. Williams and wife of Rochester, N. Y., are visiting Mrs. Elizabeth Gallup. Rev. Williams was pastor of the M. E. church in this place 34 years ago. Mrs. Williams was Miss Pursis Barrett, daughter of the late Willis Barrett.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Sept. 17, 1904:

Wallace W. Rush, Mrs. L. Bellew (2), Mrs. Clara Gilson, Miss Alice Olson (4), Oscar Olson, Dell Prime, Miss Mae Phillips, Herbert Pinok, Naini Francesco Di Rosain, Mrs. R. T. Wilson.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. O. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

For Sale, Cheap.

Our bargain counter: 1 lever spring tooth harrow; 1 McCormick hay rake; 1 buckboard solid bottom; 1 piano body top buggy; 1 nearly new canopy top surrey; 2 second hand top buggies. Must have the room these occupy.

A. T. PALMER.

Smethport, Pa., Sept. 7, 1904.

Lowest Rates to St. Louis and Return

Via the Nickel Plate Road. Stopover allowed at Chicago on all World's Fair tickets, and at Cleveland, on all except the coach excursion tickets. For particulars see local ticket agents, or write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

LYCEUM THEATRE

ONE NIGHT ONLY

Thursday, Sept. 29.

The Wonderfully Successful, New and Original Play

The Price of Honor.

A Powerful Realistic Play.

EXCITING EPISODES.
SENSATIONAL OCCURRENCES.
MECHANICAL INNOVATIONS.

Wholesome Comedy.

Prices, 25, 35 and 50c

Reserved seats on sale at H. C. Wells' Drug Store.

MONARCH SHIRTS $1.00 & $1.50 BELL 'PHONE BANNER PATTERNS 10c & 15c

DRY GOODS, CARPETS, MEN'S FURNISHINGS!

FRY & COMES

Successors to Fry & Herzog.

FURS The 1904-5 Styles

The leading fashion authorities agree that the coming season will be one of unprecedented fur wearing.

We offer you a pick from more than a hundred pieces of the sweetest styles and richest values obtainable.

Jackets, Scarfs and Sets. Prices $1.00 to $47.50.

DRESS GOODS

We are placing on sale this week a choice lot of the new Fall Dress Goods for day and evening wear. Make your selections now.

FRY & COMES.

YOU CAN'T DO GOOD COOKING

Without good utensils to cook with. We have a complete line of notable KITCHEN SPECIALTIES for you to select from.

Gilmore Grater.
It Doesn't Clog.
This means that it will grate as much in ten minutes as a common grater will in an hour. The little knives cut; they do not tear.
10 cents.

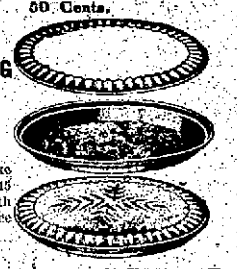
COMBINATION DIPPER.
It can be used for a dipper, colander, fruit-jar filler, sieve, strainer, etc. The interchangeable parts are made so that they stand solid and look 75 CENTS.
SAVORY ROASTER.

The only sanitary roaster; no seams or crevices. As easy to clean as a plate. Always gives good results. $1.00.

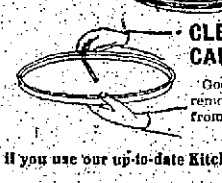
STEAM CEREAL COOKER.

You have never tasted really good oatmeal if you have not used the Steam Cereal Cooker.
50 Cents.

SELF-SEALING PIE TIN.
15 cents.
It will make more than 15 cents worth of difference in one pie.



CLEAN-CUT CAKE TINS.
Good for easily removing cake from the tin.
10 cents.



It is so much easier to do your housework if you use our up-to-date Kitchen Utensils.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

THE GREAT SUPPLY HOUSE

DOUBLE STORE IN HAMILTON BLOCK

DIAMONDS AND WATCHES

We are offering great bargains at the present time. Your money is well spent when you invest it in Diamonds.

DIAMONDS WATCHES

WATCH REPAIRING
DIAMOND SETTING
AND ENGRAVING :::

7 MAIN ST. **PRILL** BRADFORD, PA.

An Elegant Display of New Fall Millinery and Ladies' Furnishings

Thursday and Friday, Sept. 29 and 30,

At this opening you will see the season's latest novelties in Millinery. A beautiful display of Trimmed Hats, all the latest styles and shapes. A new lot of Ready-to-Wears just received making the assortment very large and complete.

Also, will show an elegant line of new shirt waists and the latest styles in walking skirts for fall wear.

MRS. A. E. HINMAN

New Fall Goods

Coming in every day. Fall and Winter Underwear, Outing Flannel Night Dresses, Underskirts, Zephyr Goods, etc. The most correct shades in Vestings, new novelties in Fancy Combs, Neckwear, Belts, Ribbons, Purses and many other new goods. Also handle the Henderson and Kabo Corsets.

Bell 'Phone.

M. L. BISETT,

THE CITY STORE.

LOVE'S BLACK SHADOW

By HARTLEY WILLARD

Copyright, 1904, by C. B. Lewis

"I tell yo', gal—I tell yo' I'd rather see yo' dead twice over than jined to Abe Taylor. Befo' I would see it cum about I'd kill one or t'other of yo' with my own hand. Whar's yo'r pride? Whar's yo'r shame? Whar's the respect yo' owe yo'r dead mother? If yo' was jined up to Abe Taylor d'yo reckon me an' yo'r brother Bill could hang around yere agin, what folks would say? D'ye think we could look our naybors in the face arter that?"

High up on the side of the grim old mountain father and daughter sat on the steps of a humble log cabin on a summer's afternoon. He was a man of fifty, loose jointed and a typical mountaineer; she was a girl of nineteen, with a face and form that had no equal for twenty miles around. He sat braced with his back to the jamb,

"POP, YO'VE KILLED A MAN, BUT IT'S YO'R OWN SON BILL."

while she leaned her elbows on her knees and her chin on her hands and kept her eyes on the ground.

"An' why?" she finally asked.

"An' why?" he fiercely repeated as his eyes flashed. "If yo' don't know why then yo' are no gal o' mine. Heven't I bin tellin' yo' why ever since yo' was able to understand things? Wasn't yo' ten y'ars old when I brung home the dead body of yo'r brother Jim? Wasn't yo' fo'teen when I cum crawlin' home with two bullets in my body? Wasn't yo' sixteen an' sittin' right yere on this spot when a bullet fired from the thicket over that knocked my cap into yo'r face? Yo' remember all these things, Mary—yo' beyen't forgot—an 'then yo' ask me why yo' an' Abe Taylor can't jine up. Lawd, gal, but I wouldn't be mo' astonished if yo' struck me a blow in the face!"

"See yere, pop," said the girl as she straightened up, clasped her hands over her knee and looked away into the laurels, "twenty years ago, befo' I was bo'n, yo' got up a fuss with the Taylors."

"They dun got up a fuss with me, gal."

"Well, there was a fuss. It was about a hawg or a hawg or sumthin'. The Taylors air the Renfrews went to killin'. Yo' dun for the old man."

"Yes, I did."

"An' then one of his boys dun for one Jim."

"I shot Jim down like a dawg an' never gin him no show."

"An' then one Bill dun for one o' them."

"I'm glad I'm mighty proud o' him."

"Air yo' glad 'bout dat fer—"

"They is a heap o' them varmints said as how I orter put two bullets into me for bein' on the best'n that fit. I've only wished a dozen times that I'd put 'em in arter, but the durned cowards air as cunnin' as foxes. The chance will cum, though'—it will, sho's yo' live. No an' Bill will never rest easy as long as Bart's a Taylor left livin', an', thank God, that's only two of 'em dodgin' around on top the airth."

The girl was silent for a moment, rocking to and fro. Then in the same quiet, even voice she said:

"A quarrel lastin' twenty y'ars an three or fo' killin's because yo' an' the old man Taylor fell out like two boys. Yo've carried murder in yo'r heart all these y'ars an' it's thar yit. It might hev bin so with the Taylors once, but yo' know they've wanted peace for five ya'rs past."

"Bekase they air cowards, gal."

"Bekase they've got sense, pop. They can't see that the game is worth the candle. A y'ar ago I met Abe Taylor over at Bridge Cove. I knowed him on sight, an' he knowed me. We knowed that we orter hate each other like pizen bekase of the quarrels an' killin's, but somhow 'twas jest the other way. We seen each other ag'in an' ag'in, an' we liked each other better an' better every time. Abe has bin for makin' friends an' so hev I. We uns didn't start the quarrel. We uns wasn't skeered to fight then. We uns can't be now, but these shootin's an' killin's is a curse. Me an' Abe falls in love an' gits married, but yo' an' I'll stand by. Y'ar' my pa an' I'm yo'r gal, but I'm tellin' Taylor is as good a man as one of yo' has got a heap less murder in his heart. I'm lovin' him, pop—lovin' him well nuff to be his wife an' do all a wife kin do, but when he wanted me to run away with him—wanted it bekase yo' stood ready for mo' killin's—I wouldn't agree. I said I'd come an' tell yo' all about it an' hear what yo' had to say. I've told yo', an' what answer her I got?"

"You've got my answer that I'll shoot Abe Taylor on sight!" shouted the father in fierce tones. "Yes, gal, if yo' was his wife ten times over I'd shoot him down. I wasn't speckin' this treachery from yo', Mary. I've bin father an' mother to yo' these many y'ars, an' I'd never believed that yo' would throw yo'r own pop over an' side agin him. Yo' couldn't git Bill to do it—no, not if yo' would offer him all the land 'twixt yere an' the river."

"I can never make yo' understand," sighed the girl. "I love yo' as my pop, an' I'm grateful for all yo'r kindnesses, but don't yo' see that I can't pick up this old quarrel an' hate as yo' do an' feel yo'r feelin's for revenge? It's the same with Abe. He wants peace an' friendliness. Together we want a weddin' an' cabin home. I said Abe Taylor is a squar' man. If he wasn't would he dun agree to cum over yere this evenin' an' hold out his hand to yo' an' ask yo' to bury the past?"

"Abe Taylor comin' over yere?" asked the father in a voice hardly above a whisper.

"I'm lookin' for him every minit."

The father rose and entered the house and took down his loaded rifle, and when he sat down on the steps again the weapon lay across his knees.

"Is it for Abe?" asked the girl.

"For shore. I'll shoot him dead in his tracks!"

"Then yo' air a coward, an' I'm no kin to yo'!"

For a minute they looked into each other's eyes—his, showing the darkest passions, hers, revealing contempt—and then they turned their heads. Thus they sat for ten minutes without further speech, and the westering sun sank to the hill tops and blazed full in their faces and half blinded them. A sudden step caught their ears and both turned their heads to the right.

"Abe!" gasped the girl.

"I'll kill him!" growled the man.

Some one turned the corner of the house and stood in the full blaze of sunset. The old man lifted his rifle and fired over the girl's shoulder before she could raise a hand to prevent. For a minute a smoke cloud hung low and obscured the body on the ground. Then the girl said quietly:

"Pop, yo've killed a man, but it's yo'r own son Bill!"

The old man staggered over and knelt beside the body, and as he knelt, his face drawn and haggard and his breath whistling in his throat, a young man turned in from the road and halted close beside the girl.

"Pop thought it was yo'!" whispered the girl.

Abe nodded his head.

"Wait till I bundle my things an' we'll go."

Merry, but Not Wise.

The saying of Charles II., the king who, according to the severe yet just epitaph written upon him by the earl of Rochester,

> Never said a foolish thing
> And never did a wise one,

are so many as to show us plainly why he should be so beloved even by those who could not approve his actions. He was a merry monarch, and he was "good company."

He was an age of nicknames, and he was widely known as "Old Rowley," the name of an ill favored horse in the royal stables. One day a young lady at court was in her apartments singing a satirical ballad called "Old Rowley, the King," when Charles knocked at the door.

"Who is it?" she called.

"Old Rowley himself, madam," he returned good naturedly.

He could convey a reproof with wit and gentleness. When Penn stood before him with his hat on the king took off his own.

"Friend Charles," said the Quaker, "why dost thou not put on thy hat?"

"'Tis the custom of this place," returned the king, "that never above one person should be covered at a time."

Use of Lemons.

The uses to lemons are manifold, and the more we employ them the better we shall find ourselves. For all people in sickness or in health lemonade is not only a safe but a remarkably pleasant drink. It is a specific against worms and skin complaints. The pippins or seeds crushed may also be mixed with water and used as a drink. Lemon juice is the best antiscorbutic remedy known. It not only cures the disease, but, what is better than a cure, it is a preventive. Sailors make a daily use of it for that purpose. It is a good thing to rub the gums daily with lemon juice to keep them in a healthy condition. It prevents chilblains. Lemon used in intermittent fevers is mixed with strong, hot black tea or coffee without sugar. Neuralgia may be cured by rubbing the part afflicted with a lemon. It is valuable also to cure warts and to destroy dandruff on the head by rubbing the roots of the hair with it. Lemon juice and glycerin, equal parts, make an unequaled lotion for the hands to keep them soft, smooth and healthy. We think we have said enough to show how valuable, therefore, lemons are.—Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette.

A Sure Sign.

"Mose, how in de world kin you tell ef dese melons is ripe widout goin' inter de patch?"

"Easy, Lige. Easy 'nough. Ain' no melon patch ever watched wid shotguns en bulldogs onless de melons is dos a-bustin' ter be ate."—Chicago Tribune.

OME FOOLISH PEOPLE

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, "Oh it will wear away," but in most cases it will wear them away. Could they be induced to try the sure cure medicine called Kemp's Balsam which is sold on a positive guarantee to give relief, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 25c and 50c. Trial size 10c. At all druggists.

DREAMLAND VISIONS

SOME THAT WERE IN VAIN AND SOME THAT SERVED A PURPOSE.

Peculiar Circumstances Under Which the Doom of the Ill Fated Norge Was Foreseen — Dreams That Brought Criminals to Justice.

The number of fulfilled dreams are to the numberless dreams which are meaningless as shadows of April clouds, as a handful of sand to the sands of the seashore. On the other hand, says T. P.'s Weekly, there is this to be said for the superstition of those who believe in the forewarning of dreams—that there are cases where the affirmative outweighs naturally and incommensurably the negative. "Two men distinctly saw you take the spade," said the magistrate to the Irishman in the dock for theft. "Two men! Sure, yere honor, I can call twenty men who didn't see me take it." But the few times hitting naturally outweighed with the magistrate the ofttimes hagen.

A single circumstantial dream which is fulfilled in all its details reasonably outweighs a million that mean nothing. Take Mr. Rider Haggard's dream about the death of his dog, or the dream the young lady told to four of her fellow passengers on board the Norge when that ill fated steamer was passing Rockall in a fog on her home trip from New York to Copenhagen.

"It was late one afternoon, and we were in mid-Atlantic. I had noticed that the young lady had been looking very sad for some days, and at last I asked her why. At the time I spoke to her the vessel was supposed to be close on Rockall and was expected to pass it that night. A very dense fog set in, and this seemed to make the young lady more sad than ever. After some hesitation she told me that she had oh three successive nights a terrible dream, and it had oppressed her spirits greatly. She dreamt that the Norge had run ashore on Rockall and that many lives had been lost.

"I tried to cheer her up by pretending that we had by that time passed Rockall. But it was no use. She only shook her head and insisted that some terrible disaster was coming. I then spoke to the captain about it and asked him how many corpses he thought would be lying on Rockall that night. He said he could not tell, and I then asked him if Rockall was a very dangerous place. He replied that it could not be expected that Rockall would be as safe as a place in a smooth river, and he added that he thought the young lady would soon get over her fears and when they reached Christiania they would all have a punch together. We reached Christiania safely, and we had the punch together; but, as all the world knows, the Norge was piled up on Rockall on her next voyage exactly as in the young lady's dream."

The dream of the Norge young lady was wholly ineffective, while the dream in the following well authenticated case was only partly effective. In June, 1686, the ship Mary, Captain Jones commander, sailed from Spithead for the West Indies and was wrecked on the Caskets. Of the twenty-two men of her crew, eight who were in the hinder part of the ship were drowned at once. The rest escaped from the sea to endure for days such frightful agonies of thirst that lots were at last drawn to decide which should die. The two who drew the fatal lot were to stab themselves that the rest might quench their mad thirst with their blood. Both men were willing at once to kill themselves in the dreadful way prescribed to them, but their mates stayed their hands, in spite of their frenzied thirst, in the despairing hope that a day's respite to the doomed men might bring them all within sight of a sail and safety. But as no sail appeared upon the next day the two men stabbed themselves to quench in a way too horrible to describe the raging thirst of their mates.

Then, at last, the long looked for sail appeared, and they were taken off. The fate of the victims was not, however, even yet complete. Since two of the men drank to such excess the cider and water given them that they died within a couple of hours of their rescue from the rock. It was a Guernsey ship bound from that island for Southampton, which rescued them against the will of Taskard, its captain. He was induced with the utmost difficulty to steer within this dangerous distance from the Caskets by his son, who had had two such vivid dreams in succession that there were men in distress upon those rocks that he again and again adjured his father to go out of his course to their rescue.

Blackwood's for June, 1826, guarantees the truth of the following story, told to Lady Clerk of Penicuick by her father, Dacre of Kirklington: In the year 1731 young Dacre, in order to attend classes in Edinburgh, lived with his uncle, Major Griffiths. One night he got his uncle's and aunt's consent to joint a fishing party which was to set sail the next morning from Leith. But that night Mrs. Griffiths screamed out in her sleep: "The boat is sinking! Save, oh, save them!"

The major awakened her and asked, "Were you uneasy about the fishing party?" "Oh, no," she replied; "I had not once thought of them." She then fell asleep again. In about another hour she cried out in a dreadful fright, "I see the boat going down!" Again the major woke her, when she said, "It has been owing to the other dream I had, for I feel no uneasiness about it." After some conversation they both fell sound asleep, but no rest could be obtained for her. In extreme anguish she then exclaimed: "They are gone! The boat is sunk!" When the major once more awakened her she said: "Now, I cannot rest; Mr. Dacre must not go, for I feel that did he go I would be miserable till his return; the thoughts of it would almost kill me."

Indeed, on the strength of this dream, Mrs. Griffiths induced her nephew to send a note of apology to his friends, who went without him, were caught in a sudden storm and drowned.

Here are three historical cases of murderers brought to the gallows through dreams: The Rev. William Smithies, curate of St. Giles, Cripplegate, wrote a curious matter of fact account of the appearance in a dream of a murdered parishioner, one Stockden, a Grub street victualer, to a Mrs. Greenwood, showing her likeness of his murderers and giving her the address in Thames street of their home. On this evidence alone they were arrested and upon confession of the crime hanged.

Then there is the red barn case, where the stepmother of Maria Martin saw in a dream her body buried in the barn, and its discovery there led to the arrest, trial and conviction of Corder, who sixteen months before had first seduced and then murdered the girl, disposing of the corpse as the dream had indicated.

Lastly there is the case which both Fraser's Magazine and the Quarterly Review took note of some years later, that of the conviction of Hugh Macleod for the murder of the peddler Murdoch Grant, chiefly through the evidence of Kenneth Fraser, who, having been told in a dream where the murdered peddler's pack was lying, led the police to the precise spot.

Of course the best known and attested of all these historical dream visions is that of the assassination of the prime minister, Spencer Perceval, by John Bellingham in the very lobby of the house as seen in sleep by John Williams of Redruth. In his dream Mr. Williams, being in the lobby of the house of commons, saw a small man enter dressed in a blue coat and white waistcoat. Then he saw a man dressed in a brown coat with yellow basket buttons draw a pistol from under his coat and discharge it at the former, who instantly fell, the blood issuing from a wound a little below the left breast.

Hereupon he awoke and told his wife of his dream, of which she made light. Even when he dreamed it a second time she observed, to quote from the Times of the day, "that he had been so much agitated by his former dream that she supposed it had dwelt on his mind and begged him to try to compose himself and go to sleep, which he did. A third time the vision was repeated, on which, notwithstanding her entreaties that he would be quiet and endeavor to forget it, he arose, it being then between 1 and 2 o'clock, and dressed himself. At breakfast the dreams were the sole subject of conversation, and in the forenoon Mr. Williams went to Falmouth, where he related the particulars of them to all his acquaintances that he met."

Six weeks later Mr. Williams, who had never, except in these dreams, seen either Spencer Perceval or his assassin, went to London and to the house of commons and "pointed out the exact spot where Bellingham stood when he fired and that which Mr. Perceval had reached when he was struck by the ball and how he fell. The dress of both Mr. Perceval and Bellingham agreed even to the most minute particulars with the description given by Mr. Williams."

Getting a Free Cigar.

"I would like to buy a good quarter cigar," remarked a man on entering a wholesale cigar manufacturer's shop. "I want to try one before I buy a box, as I've been endeavoring for some time to find a cigar to suit me."

"I'm sorry I can't sell you one in here," replied the proprietor. "It's against the law. I could sell you one on the sidewalk, but not in here. However, I'll give you one, and if you like the flavor you can buy them by the box."

Taking a box of cigars from the shelf, the man opened it, shook it so that all the cigars were visible and took one from the bottom row. Another shake sent the rest back to their original places. The customer put the cigar in his pocket, remarked that he would give it a fair trial after dinner and walked out.

"Did you notice where I took the cigar from I gave him?" said the cigar man to a friend. "I took it from the bottom row. If he comes back I'll give him that same box. There are many men who come in here knowing we do not sell cigars singly and walk out with a free smoke, but when one does come back we feel justified in giving him the box from which he took the sample."—New York Post.

How to Be Happy.

Many of us miss the joys that might be ours by keeping our eyes fixed on those of other people. No one can enjoy his own opportunities for happiness while he is envious of another's. We lose a great deal of the joy of living by not cheerfully accepting the small pleasures that come to us every day instead of longing and wishing for what belongs to others. We do not take any pleasure in our own modest horse and carriage because we long for the automobile or victoria that some one else owns. The edge is taken off the enjoyment of our own little home because we are watching the palatial residence of our neighbor. We can get no satisfaction out of a trolley ride into the country or a sail on a river steamer because some one else can enjoy the luxury of his own carriage or yacht. Life has its full measure of happiness for every one of us if we would only make up our minds to make the very most of every opportunity that comes our way instead of longing for the things that come our neighbor's way.—Success.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $75 IN ADVANCE.

INSURANCE.

Life Fire ... written

... Officers ...

State Treasurer—Frank ... Harris.
Auditor General—... Bradleyburgh.
...

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—... Bradford.
Members of Co... Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members ... Wood; J. M. ...
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Chas. ...
Prothonotary—...
Recorder—H. S. ...
Register—J. B. ...
Clerk of Courts—...
County Treasurer—A. W. Lloyd, Bradford.
Commissioners—...
Peterson, Bradford; ...
Com'rs Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane.
Jury Commissioners—B. M. Love, and Logan Curtis.
Auditors—Oscar ... G. Bartle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—... E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McK...
Council—Alfred H. ...
Secretary, ...
W. A. Ostrander, ...
Chas. Johnson, J. W. ...
Justices—B. ... K. ...
Constables—E. W. ...
High Constable—Andrew ... Sess.
School Directors—E. R. Mayo, president; ... N. Apple, treasurer; ... D. Gallup, secretary; W. P. Specht, H. W. Rubin, Oscar Engstrom.
Collector—R. C. Gibson.
Assessor—H. H. Freeman.
Auditors—C. C. Gi..., A. H. Kubler.
Judge of Election—G. ...
Inspectors of Election—J. A. ... H. Burlingame.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 8 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, street.

W. A. ANDERSON, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesday each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

S. J. SWANSON, Chief Patriarch.
H. J. CHOATE, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 34, meets the second and third Thursday evenings each month at 7:30 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall.

E. R. MAYO, P. C.
M. L. BURLINGAME, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MISS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge No. ... meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.

Z. D. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. ... every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

A. H. KIDDER, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.

MOLLIE E. PIERCE, C.
LIZZIE F. HOLDER, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every Alternate Wednesday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.

Mrs. JANE N. FORSYTHE, Pres.
Mrs. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

F. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
ALICE HEATLEY, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

Miss MAY CHOATE, W. M.
Mrs. ROSE MALCOLM, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree ... Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

A. A. ABBEY.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Church ...

Methodist Episcopal—... Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting ... 10 a. m. *Preaching* at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at ... Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting ... at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal—J. Heber McCandless, ... Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and ... p. m. Additional service at 8 ... first Sunday of each month ... Sunday at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Church, East ... part—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. ... vine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. ... day School, 3:30 p. m. the Ladies' Guild ... every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church, Rev. ... Grove, Pastor. Mass at 10:30 a. m. Sunday ... 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 2 p. m. ... on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church—P. S. Calvin, ... Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m. and ... p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior ... deavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at ... p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday ... ing at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets ... Friday afternoon in the church building. ... en's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 3:30. All are invited free.

Colegrove—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. ... vices every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Clermont Church—Rev. W. ... Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 3 ...

Pennsylvania

DIVISION.

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking Effect May 29, 1...

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

For Clermont, ... burg:

Train 102, week ...

For Larrabee, Port Allegany, ... points:

Train 121, week ...

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE ... TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

EASTWARD.

9:20 a. m. Express ... Wilkesbarre ... Harrisburg and ... ing at Philadelphia ... p. m. Baltimore ... p. m. Pullman ... port to Philadelphia ... from Kane ... to Baltimore ...

2:45 p. m. ... isbury and ... arriving at Phila... 9:23 p. m. ... ton 8 p. m. ... passengers ... and Washington ... 23 p. m. ... and intermediate ... daily at 12 ... Baltimore. ... Pullman ... Philadelphia ... passengers can remain ...

... until 7:30 a. m.

10:35 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 7:25 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days (10:38 a. m., Sundays.) Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:15 a. m.—Train 24, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:15 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m. week days, (10:38 a. m. Sundays.) Baltimore 7:25 a. m., Washington 8:40 a. m. Vestibuled Buffet sleeping cars and passenger coaches. Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

2:10 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:25 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

5:20 p. m.—Train 61, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

Weekdays.

NORTH	STATIONS	SOUTH
LV		AR P M
2:25	Ridgway	12 01
2 40	Johnsonburg	11 35
2 52	Glen Hazel	11 19
3 07	Croyle	11 07
3 12	Dunnstable	11 02
3 20	Smith's Run	10 55
3 29	Woodvale	10 48
3 30	Clermont	10 40
P M		A M

Connections are made with train 3, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:47 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:50 p. m. Ridgway with train 206, leaving Ridgway at 2:20 p. m. for Punxsutawney, Punxsutawney, Punxsutawney,

Jimmie Torrington's Insanity

By COLIN S. COLLINS

Copyright, 1901, By T. C. McClure

When Jimmie Torrington proposed amateur theatricals as a means of lifting the debt from the Kingston Golf club and possibly supplying a foundation for a building fund the golf club crowd decided that he must be crazy.

This belief was strengthened when Torrington placidly consented to act as property man and made no effort to prevent Herbert Ranson's becoming stage manager. It was well known that Kittie Clausen favored these two of her numerous train of admirers, and Carson voiced the general sentiment when he said:

"Jimmie is insane to permit Ranson to be the stage manager. Of course Ranson will cast himself for the hero and make Kittie the heroine, and Jimmie will be out in the cold."

If Torrington realized his error he gave no sign. On the contrary, he audibly insisted upon taking a greater part of the work upon his own shoulders. It was he who hired such costumes as were needed, secured the scenery and even induced a theatrical friend to promise to make up the players on the night of the performance.

Torrington was the type of man who most enjoyed doing things for others. He was not a handsome chap in spite of his bright eyes and clear complexion. He was rather short of stature (dumpy, Ranson called him), and his favor with Kittie Clausen had been gained by his qualities of mind and disposition. Ranson, on the other hand, was as striking in appearance as the hero of a cheap novel. He made an ideal hero for the play, and even at rehearsals he put a deal of feeling into the love scenes with Kittie.

Apparently Torrington was the only one who did not notice the fervor thrown into the rehearsal, and when it was brought to his attention he merely smiled complacently and remarked that he hoped the speaker might be able to play his part as well on the fateful night.

Gradually this indifference was accepted as a silent admission that Torrington had withdrawn from the contest in favor of his more attractive rival, and when he was not around the men began to speak of poor Torrington, while the women marveled at the completeness and suddenness of his surrender.

"DON'T YOU DARE TO SPEAK TO ME LIKE THAT!" SHE PANTED.

But Torrington was not worried. If he was aware of the compassion of the men and the scorn of the women he did not show it, and his moonlike face was always lighted by a peaceful smile as he sat by the prompter's table at rehearsals and watched the proceedings. He acted as useful man about the stage, reading the part of some one unable to attend rehearsal, holding the book as prompter or performing any slight service asked him.

Ranson, who possessed considerable ability as an actor, worked hard with his cast of amateurs, but it is not easy to teach the art of acting, and when in the course of time the repetition of mistakes drove him frantic he gradually lost command over his temper and at the dress rehearsal he had to apologize to the entire company, including Kittie, at various times throughout the evening.

The others absolved him, but that evening Torrington walked home with Kittie, to the great surprise of all. Their astonishment would have been greater had they known that the invitation came from Miss Clausen herself.

But if Miss Clausen had transferred her favors to Jimmie in the hope of finding him a ready sympathizer she was in error. Torrington was sorry that her feelings had been hurt, but he was not prepared to admit that Ranson was to blame. Oddly enough, his defense of Ranson served to increase her sense of injury. When the night of the performance arrived she was scarcely civil to the stage manager and bounced into her dressing room with so curt a "good evening" that even Torrington gasped.

Ranson looked surprised, but there was no time then for explanations, and he went off to the dressing room where the professional actor had installed himself.

The shelf in front of the mirror was covered with sticks of paint of all colors, boxes of powder and the various implements of makeup art, all redolent of the cheap perfume added to conceal the rancidity of the grease used as a foundation.

Ranson, to whom the process of making up was not new, submitted to the heavy applications of paint and powder and hurried back to the stage to superintend the final preparations.

Presently Kittie emerged from her dressing room, and he went toward her. She shrank from him. While she knew that makeup was required, she was not accustomed to seeing men with paint on their faces, and there was something oddly repulsive in the appearance of this man with his heavily lined eyebrows, rouged cheeks and whitened temples. It seemed like a ghastly mask of the man she knew, like the badly painted portrait of an acquaintance.

She could scarcely listen to his expressions of penitence at the loss of his temper the night before and hailed with positive relief her own call to the makeup room.

The darkening of her eyebrows and lashes, the reddening of lips and cheeks and a dash of powder were all that she required, and she emerged from the chair, glad that no more was needed.

During the first act the excitement of playing was too great to permit her to turn her attention to other thoughts. She could not permit her mind to be diverted for an instant from her next speech, the next move across the stage.

With the second act came greater confidence. It was here that the love scenes commenced, but they did not seem the same as at rehearsal. She could not endure the touch of this man, with his paint-covered features, and the penetrating odor of bergamot, heavy almost to nausea, sickened her nostrils. The scene was like a nightmare. Even worse was the last act, with its powerful closing scene. The touch of his greasy lips upon her cheek, the unnatural look of the eyes made brilliant by the dark circles of crayon, startled her, and before the curtain rang down she felt that she should scream.

Leaving the stage after the last tableau, Ranson caught her hand.

"Can't you forgive last night, Kitty, and make the 'yes' you have just spoken your answer to the question I have wanted to ask for so long?"

She tore her hand from his grasp.

"Don't you dare to speak to me like that," she panted; "if you do not let me go, I shall call Mr. Torrington."

Ranson threw a black look at Torrington, who was placidly gathering up small stage furnishings, dropped her hand and turned away. Kittie turned back to the stage and Jimmie's honest, unpainted face never seemed so cherubic.

"Jimmie," she asked softly, "do you want to take me home again tonight?"

"Do I?" repeated Torrington. "I'd like to take you to a home of our own, Kittie."

She smiled demurely. "I think you may," she said.

That night Jimmie Torrington addressed his shaggy terrier, "Wriggles," he said solemnly, "when you find in your canine walks of life a lady dog you love be wise. If she looks with favor on a sheeker contest puppy you just get that puppy to run a dog show. It's a sure cure."

And Wriggles blinked an approving eye.

The Man Who Tired Carlyle.

There is a story of Carlyle in his old age having taken the following farewell in his broadest Scotch of a young friend who had had him in charge for walks and who, while almost always adapting himself to Carlyle's mood, had on a single occasion ventured to disagree with him: "I would have you to know, young man, that you have the capacity of being the greatest bore in Christendom." The boredom had consisted solely in the rather negative sin of not having been convinced of the truth of one of Carlyle's dogmas, a sin all the more heinous because, instead of standing boldly up to Carlyle and declaring his doctrine utterly perverse, the companion had betrayed his weakness by an apologetic tone.

Now, Carlyle liked disciples, and he respected antagonists, but he could not endure being merely thwarted without being thoroughly roused. He felt in that case that he had made no impression at all on his interlocutor, that he had neither won him nor excited him to resistance. And nothing bored him so much as that. Of course it is only exceptionally despotic minds that are bored in this way.—London Spectator.

Dodging the Dangers of Heredity.

Mrs. Simpson has a profound belief in the doctrine of heredity as she understood it. Mrs. Simpson is colored. She washes for a living. A few years ago her husband passed away, not by death or divorce, but by the simple process of abandonment. He left her to support a little daughter, who is a bright child.

"What is your little girl's name?" asked one of Mrs. Simpson's patrons the other day.

"Helen," replied Susan.

"Oh, indeed! Named after some of your relatives?"

"Waal, no. I kinder liked the name mahself. But dat ain't what I called her fust."

"No?"

"No. Fust she was chris'ened Anna Cornelia after a pusson what was a partic'lar friend ob mine at dat time, but me an' dat pusson had trouble after dat, an' anyhow she tuk to drink, so I jes' changed dat chile's name fear she might inherit it."—New York Press.

Doctor's Advice.

"Is my husband's case serious, doctor?"

"It is very grave, madam. I have left an opiate."

"How often shall I give it to him?"

"He needs absolute rest and quiet. Don't give it to him. Take it yourself."—Collier's.

ADMIRAL BYNG.

A Brave Sailor Who Paid the Penalty of Other Men's Folly.

Two years after Voltaire left Prussia George Keith came to visit him in Switzerland to plead the cause of an English friend, Byng. The story of Byng is familiar to all his countrymen. The French had beaten the English on the sea, and, mad with disappointed rage, the blundering ministry of England turned on their luckless instrument, Byng. Voltaire was the lifelong friend of Richelieu, the conqueror. But he was, too, the man of whom it was said that "for twenty years the redress of judicial wrong" hung entirely on his pen. On Dec. 20, 1756, he wrote to Richelieu telling Byng's story, and that valiant person replied generously enough in an open letter, wherein he stated that had Byng continued the fight the English fleet must have been totally destroyed and that the admiral's misfortune came not from cowardice or inefficiency, but from the hand of God and the valor of the French.

Voltaire wrote to Byng, sending Richelieu's letter, but he could not save the victim. Byng paid the penalty of other men's folly. To Voltaire he left a grateful message and a copy of his defense, and in "Candide," with that battering method which is his alone, Voltaire sharply criticizes the scene of the admiral's execution.

"And why should this admiral be put to death?"

"Because he has not killed enough people. He fought with a French admiral and is not considered to have been sufficiently near to him."

"But," said Candide, "the French admiral was just as far away from the English."

"That is certainly true," was the answer. "But in this country it is salutary to put an admiral to death now and then pour encourager les autres."—Cornhill Magazine.

ZUNI FAMILY LIFE.

A Village Looks Like a Huge Hive of Clay on a Sandy Knoll.

The little half civilized children of Zuni aroused our curiosity that we drove through forty miles of sand and sagebrush from the railroad at Fort Wingate to pay them a visit. As the Indians do not permit the Europeans to look on all the sickening details, then the stately bride on her father's arm. If one must marry, Madeleine was the right sort, and Bob was getting about the best there was.

This daffodil maid of honor was another of his interests, a second but of town friend of Madeleine's, a pale creature who would match her daffodils, bearing the impossible name of Clarissa. If Madeleine hadn't betrayed her overtenderness in the pairing off and elaborated so upon his official duties re Miss Clarissa all it—

"Hovers, Bob! There's one cue! Take a brace old man. I'll stand by you!" Then internally, "Yes, with the heart in me like a fistful of liquefied air!"

Custom and good breeding save many a day. Everything moved delightfully, and the breath holding moment of the ceremony arrived. That was as far as Harrington ever got in his memory of the occasion. As they faced the altar his eyes were arrested by a vision. It was seated before the organ in a bower of palms, and the soft lights fell on a glorious crown of shining auburn hair. The side of the face was toward him, and there was a faint impression of a filmy green gown.

It was the violent beginning of a tempestuous end. The sight went through him like a physical shock. He saw only the lovely picture, heard only the soft music that fell from the slender fingers. The first usher prodded him into consciousness when the ring was demanded, the daffodil maid had to clutch an unproffered arm for the recessional.

Once outside Harrington came again into his self sufficiency. As the second carriage came up the yellow confection was hustled into it, the door slammed upon the astonished girl, a peremptory "drive on" issued, and a hatless young man dashed breathlessly around the corner to the organ entrance. Just in time! In another vehicle the auburn head was being extinguished.

"Why, Joe Harrington! What's wrong?" The bride's brother was a clear headed master of ceremonies. "You belong with Clarissa, you know."

"Yes, I know. Some mistake. Everybody excited, of course. Say, Dickie, I can go in here just as well. Don't worry, old man. I don't mind in the least."

"All serene! Here, Ethel, you can shelter this carriageless Joe." And Dickie flew off to see that such carelessness as the best man's being stranded" was not repeated.

"Ethel," mused Harrington as the rubber wheels started, leaning forward and devouring her with his eyes, "Ethel, it suits so admirably I might almost have known. Madeleine only told me Miss Hartman."

The red brown eyes met his squarely. "Joe," she said meditatively, "Yes, I like it. She only told me Mr. Harrington."

"You came"—

"Only this afternoon."

"Why have you never come before?"

"I didn't know there was anything to come for."

As she spoke they dashed under an arc lamp, and, bending eagerly toward her, he caught the shine of her eyes. It was enough. His hands groped an instant, then gathered in her two warm, yielding ones.

"Oh, girl, girl," he whispered accusingly, "I knew the moment I saw you that you had come for my sake! But how, how have I lived all this while and never found you?"

"I cannot tell, dear, only that now is the right time," was the low response.

Holding both her hands in one of his own, he slipped to her side and tipped her head back against his shoulder. His eyes sought hers in the gloom of the carriage, glorying in the revelations brought by the passing lights.

"The right time of all the world, girl, of all the years that have been for you and for me—the right time for the seal of the promise for those that are to come for us," he said with quiet intensity, his lips closing on her unresisting ones.

After a moment she straightened herself with a happy little laugh.

"I think we must be nearly there."

"Yes. Wretchedly short drive. Oh, girlie, girlie, I am so proud of you, so glad! What will they think of us, to be sure? I wasn't having a bit of a good time, and now I'm ever so grateful that Bob insisted on making me best man."

"Why, but, dear!" It was a veritable gargle of astonishment. "You're not dreaming of telling now? It would never, never do. We've not even been introduced! I'm to be here several weeks, you know, and it must come to pass very gradually."

"I suppose so, bless your proper little heart! But isn't it a wee bit more unconventional to have it happen thus than that it should merely be known of? Anyway I promise to be the most persistently lovelorn of any swain who ever aspired to fair lady's hand. Ah, here we are."

Fortunately the avenue was well shaded, just before the blaze of light at the steps was reached.

Dickie greeted them—how he had managed to pass them a certain team might have borne breathless testimony—in an agony of contrition, his very first blunder. He supposed, of course, they'd met. Clarissa had come alone, Madeleine had been threatening and wrenched from him the whole sad tale. Clarissa wouldn't say a word. They sweetly forgave him and were smilingly introduced.

During the ensuing hours of the reception Harrington, ingenuous to the point of bluntness, found use for all his skill as a dissembler. The auburn head was an irresistible magnet, and his telltale eyes followed where his feet were forbidden to tread. Again and again he dragged his look back to the daffodil maid and his proper duty to find her always mysteriously smiling at him out of a quizzical face. It was hard that the first madly happy hours of one's life should be made to speed so slowly, but at last the bride and groom were off in a shower of rice, kisses and merry cries.

Then quoth the maid of the daffodils to Dickie, "Do look at Joe and Ethel!"

There they stood on the top step, hand in hand, placidly and absently waving after the disappearing carriage with their disengaged hands. The other two members were clasped.

* * * * * * *

It was three interminable months before Harrington was permitted to announce a farewell dinner to his bachelor friends. When he reached the club on the memorable night a letter awaited him bearing the familiar foreign postmark of Mr. and Mrs. Blake's honeymooning nest. Over the signature of Madeleine Blake he read the following:

"Bless you, my children! Nothing could delight me more, especially when it's my own particular little pie. Joe the woman hater! Joe the celibate! Clarissa was already engaged, you know, so made a willing martyr on the altar of my schemes. And my Ethel had to play instead of standing by my side, where she belonged. If she had not—if you'd thought you belonged to her by custom, Joe, Joe—my beautiful girlie. Instead of becoming the happy Mrs. Harrington shortly, would have shared the sad, sad fate of the daffodil maid."

"And thus," observed Harrington, with a charitable grin, "do some people flatter themselves."

Wanted It to Come Gradually.

One evening recently a well known writer received a check from a magazine which was a good deal larger than he had anticipated. The occurrence seemed worthy of a celebration; so, in company with a young artist, who had sometimes shared his dinner on a less prosperous occasion, he sought a restaurant noted for its expensive menu. With a luxurious shrug and with indifference to the cares of the world, he ordered an elaborate repast. His companion, being of the sex especially thrifty when dealing with household matters, begged him to be cautious. No, indeed, for that night he was Prince Bountiful.

At length it came time, as it always does with things both good and evil, for the reckoning.

"Waiter," drawled the host, "bring me my check. And, waiter, bring it s-l-o-w-l-y gradually."—New York Tribune.

The Death of Courtesy.

Courtesy lay dead.

On either side of her mangled form lay her sisters, Gallantry and Chivalry.

The fatal wounds in the breasts of each were so similar that there could be no doubt that they had all been made by the same weapon, wielded by the same ruthless hand.

Above them stood and wept their tottering parents, themselves ill unto death with the infirmities of old age, Respect and Veneration.

When Coroner Observation arose from a careful inspection of the three dead forms he brushed the soil from his knees and said, to Policeman Shame, who stood close by:

"Make no delay in arresting the Modern Street Car on suspicion. It is my firm belief that he is guilty of all three of these cold blooded murders."—Baltimore American.

JAPANESE LACQUER

Some of It Is So Expensive It Seldom Reaches Us.

In the hilly country two came to help agriculture—t raising and lacquer. To a district, the villages along have gained much by improvements in silk raising lacquer tree may possibly be imported from China as so other trees and plants were, but it is only was known and used in J at a very early period. We are to thinking of it as ornament only is that and much more besides. plain lacquer bowls and trays are most necessities of daily life. T raise most of what is used in pro provinces, but Tokyo imports a deal of juice to be manufactu there.

The tree is a species of rhus, closely allied to our poison ivy and having a same power to produce an irritating rash on the skin. The workers get over this, however, and do not have it again, but they say that people sometimes get it from handling bowls or trays which have not been dried long enough.

To get the sap the farmer cuts a notch in the side of each tree and after a time a thick juice oozes out; then the farmer goes around with a wooden spatula gathering the drops into a pail. It will keep for a long while, but must not be allowed to dry up nor to be heated above a certain point, for it contains a peculiar acid which causes the juice to ferment and harden. The pieces that have been varnished must therefore be dried in mild and moist air. Tokyo in August is usually just right, about 87 degrees.

A good piece of lacquer has to be most carefully made. In the first place, and then varnished with layer after layer, each being dried and polished before the next goes on. Certain pigments mixed with it give red, black or green. To apply gold a wash of varnish is laid where the design is to be and the gold powder sprinkled on from a hollow bamboo stick with a fine sieve over the end. When it is dry it must be revarnished and repolished over all. With all these repeated processes a fine piece may be on hand for months, even years. Naturally this is not the kind that is prepared for foreign export for people abroad will not pay for it.—Adam C. Hartshorne in Chautauquan.

WAR CORRESPONDENTS.

Some of Their Famous Feats of Physical Endurance.

One of the finest achievements of a war correspondent was that of Holt White, a representative of the New York Tribune, in the Franco-Prussian war. He witnessed the battle of Sedan from the Prussian headquarters on Thursday, Sept. 1, 1870. At its conclusion he rode to Brussels, but there the postoffice authorities refused to transmit his dispatch to London and even threatened to arrest him for saying that the French had been defeated. He then went on to Calais, crossed to Dover by special steamer and took a special train to London, where he arrived at 5 o'clock on Saturday morning. Next day there was a description of the battle six columns long in the Tribune. It was not till Tuesday that the London newspapers had accounts of the conflict from their correspondents.

But the most famous deed of physical endurance in the race for news between war correspondents was told of Archibald Forbes. In the Servian war of 1876 Semlin, the nearest telegraph station, was 320 miles distant from the scene of the battle. So soon as Forbes knew the result he rode off, and all night long he kept at a gallop, changing horses every fifteen miles. At Semlin he had one long drink of beer and then at once sat down to the task of writing, hour after hour, against time, the failings of which he was the bearer. After he had written the story of the battle and put it on the wires he lay down in his clothes and slept twenty hours without waking. He had witnessed the battle, which lasted six hours; ridden 120 miles and written and dispatched a telegraphic message four columns in length to the Daily News, all in the space of thirty hours.—Macmillan's Magazine.

Just Like Americans.

A peculiar revelation in regard to train travel in Japan is that the people of various classes, customarily polite in their intercourse with one another and in their dealings with aliens, lose nearly all sense of courtesy when they enter a passenger car. When I first rode in a first class car in Japan and saw several dainty Japanese women in pretty silks standing while Japanese men remained resolutely seated I could almost fancy I was on an elevated train in New York bound for Harlem.—Harold Bolce in Booklovers' Magazine.

His Coat of Arms.

"Now that you are wealthy, Mr. C.," said the man who deals in pedigrees and the like, "you really should begin to adopt a coat of arms."

"I'll do just as I please," retorted Mr. C. hotly. "If I like to go about in my shirt sleeves, that ain't none o' your business!"

A Real Hero.

"You don't believe in divorce, then?"

"No, sir; I've got too much sporthi' blood."

"What has that to do with it?"

"I believe in a fight to the finish."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A little nonsense now and then brings failure to a lot of men.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Liberty will not descend to a people; a people must raise themselves to liberty.—Colton.

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the news

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What Shall We Have for Dessert?
The question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling! no baking! simply add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. Get a package at your grocers to-day.

EMIL THAMM
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars
Wholesale and Retail Dealer

FRANKNESS OF MANNER.

There Is No More Delightful Trait in Either Young or Old.

There is no more delightful trait in the young or the old than absolute frankness and openness of nature, that transparency of character which lets us see the best and the worst in them, their strong and their weak points, without any effort at concealment.

Everybody admires the open hearted, the people who have nothing to conceal, and who do not try to cover up their faults and weaknesses. They are, as a rule, large hearted and magnanimous. They inspire love and confidence, and, by their very frankness and simplicity, invite the same qualities in others.

Secretiveness repels as much as frankness attracts. There is something about the very inclination to conceal or cover up which arouses suspicion and distrust. We cannot have the same confidence in people who possess this trait, no matter how good they may seem to be, as in frank, sunny natures. Dealing with these secretive people is like traveling on a stagecoach on a dark night. There is always a feeling of uncertainty. We may come out all right, but there is a lurking fear of some pitfall or unknown danger ahead of us. We are uncomfortable because of the uncertainties. They may be all right, and may deal squarely with us, but the trouble is that we are not sure, and cannot trust them. No matter how polite or gracious a secretive person may be, we can never rid ourselves of the feeling that there is a motive behind his graciousness, and that he has an ulterior purpose in view. He is always more or less of an enigma, because he goes through life wearing a mask. He endeavors to hide every trait that is not favorable to himself. Never if he can help it, do we get a glimpse of the real man.

How different the man who comes out in the open, who has no secrets; who reveals his heart to us and who is frank, broad and liberal! How quickly he wins our confidence! How we all love and trust him! We forgive him for many a slip or weakness because he is always ready to confess his faults and to make amends for them. If he has bad qualities they are always in sight, and we are ready to make allowances for them. His heart is sound and true; his sympathies are broad and active. The very qualities he possesses—frankness and simplicity—are conducive to the growth of the highest manhood and womanhood.—Success.

ETIQUETTE.

A gentleman always rises from his chair when a lady enters or leaves the room.

On a man's visiting card only titles that indicate a rank or profession for life should be used.

At a ball one may not refuse a certain dance to one gentleman and then dance it with another.

A letter to a married woman is directed with her husband's name or initials and her own—as, Mrs. Thomas E. Gibbs or Mrs. T. E. Gibbs.

To be polite to one we dislike is not necessarily being insincere. Politeness is not so much a manifestation toward others as an indication of what we are ourselves. We owe it to ourselves to be well bred.

On formal occasions no napkin rings appear on the table and the napkin is used but the once. At the home dinner the napkin, if not too soiled, should be placed in the ring to be used again at breakfast or luncheon.

Odd Australian Animals.

Australia produces those lowest of the quadrupeds, the duck billed water mole and the echidna, or Australian porcupine ant eater. They, along with the kangaroos, may be described as the groundlings of the mammalian family, for in respect of their structure they are of a much lower grade than, say, a dog or a cat. This inferiority is seen not only in the brain, but in many other details of their bodily anatomy.

In zoological circles the prevalent opinion is that this mole is a link between birds on the one hand and mammals on the other. These "lowest" quadrupeds lay eggs like birds, the young being subsequently hatched from the eggs, whereas in the kangaroos and all higher mammals the young are born alive and nourished by means of milk.

"Freedom to Worship God."

One of the conditions which promote peace between the states of the United States is that wherever any citizen may be he is free to enjoy whatever form of religion he prefers. He may be a Christian, Mohammedan or pagan, as he pleases, only he must preserve the peace and live a decent life. World peace will be unspeakably promoted if there prevails such a system of world law that when a man goes into any part of the world he will be free to worship God after any form he prefers. Other liberties now not known in all countries may be expected in the growing toleration and homogeneity of the world.—R. L. Bridgman in Atlantic.

Charms of Fossil Hunting.

One of the charms of the fossil hunter's life is the variety, the element of certainty, combined with the gambling element of chance. Like the prospector for gold, the fossil hunter may pass suddenly from the extreme of dejection to the extreme of elation. Luck comes in a great variety of ways, sometimes as the result of prolonged and deliberate scientific search in a region which is known to be fossiliferous, sometimes in such a prosaic manner as the digging of a well.—Century.

Improvident Man.

"My husband is the most extravagant man," wailed little Mrs. Bargainhunt.

"Yes?" said the sympathetic friend.

"Yes. He paid $2 for a hat, when by looking around for a day or two he could probably have got one for $1.98."—Pittsburg Post.

$14.00 Buffalo to St. Louis.

Tickets on sale each Tuesday and Thursday. Good Seven days. See Local Agents, or Write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y. Or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A. Holland N. Y. For tickets to Chicago and all points west, call on A. L. Colegrove, Smethport.

Desirable Building Lots.

I have several very desirable building lots in this borough which will be sold at reasonable prices for cash or easy payments. For particulars call on or address Harry L. Backus, MINER office.

Dr. KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY

Pleasant to take, Powerful to Cure, And Welcome in every Home.

KIDNEY and LIVER cure.

Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is adapted to all ages and both sexes, affording permanent relief in all cases caused by impurity of the blood, such as Kidney, Bladder and Liver Complaints, Constipation, and weaknesses peculiar to women. Successful for 30 years. Prepared by DR. D. KENNEDY'S SON'S, Rondout, N. Y. $1.00 all druggists. Six bottles $5.00.

Entirely New Features

apply not only to the man with the broken nose, but apply as far as we're concerned to the PLUMBING business as well. Look at the plumbing of a house of a few years and compare it with plumbing of a house we've recently done. At every turn there's a new feature and what's more the new work is entirely sanitary. Its a risk to let your old plumbing stand as it is. We'd like to figure with you on the "new features" in the business and save sickness and doctor bills.

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH 'PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK. Smethport.

You Will Pay More

BY DELAY

Many mothers are happy that they bought their

BOYS' SCHOOL SUITS

and SHOES, etc., during our GREAT AUGUST SALE. The savings were from 15% to 25%. There is yet time for you to enjoy similar advantages if you act promptly.

Prices on all goods are advancing; yet for two more weeks we will sell you Boys Suits, etc., at

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our usual low prices.

Delay in Buying Will Mean Money-Loss to You.

Wm. Monheimer.

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When in need of anything in

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Smethport, Pa.

"THAT ETERNAL ITCHING."

$5 for any case of Itching, Outward or Inward Piles, Old Sores, Scaley Head, Poison Oak, Eczema, or any Skin Disease that can't be cured with Dr. Zigg's Silver Leaf Ointment. Just try one box, by mail 50c.

DR. ZIGG MEDICAL CO., Bradford, Pa.

For sale by L. R. Hogarth and J. W. Voorhee

NOTICE is hereby given that on the 30th day of August, 1904, the Marvin Creek Railroad Company filed in the Court of Common Pleas for McKean county, Pennsylvania, its petition, praying for a decree of dissolution has been fixed by the said Court for Monday, October 3rd, 1904, at two (2) o'clock p. m., or as soon thereafter as the attention of the Court can be had, when and where all persons interested may attend, and show cause against the granting of the prayer of the said petitioner, if they so desire.

TAIT & JONES, Solicitors.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

BY VIRTUE OF SUNDRY WRITS OF Fieri Facias, Levari Facias and Venditioni Exponas, Alias Fieri Facias, Pluries Fieri Facias, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose at public sale in the Court House, in the borough of Smethport, on

MONDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1904.

at 1 p. m., the following several pieces of property:

1.

Defendant's interest in all that piece or parcel of land in Wetmore Township, McKean County, and State of Pennsylvania, part of Warrant No. 3153, situate on the Hill Road, and being lot No. 8 of a survey of lots made by Jefferson L. Brown, for the McKean and Elk Land and Improvement Company, former owners, bounded northward by Lot No. 7; southward by Lot No. 9; eastward partly by Lot No. 12 and partly by Lot No. 13, and westward by Lot No. 6, all of the said survey of Jefferson L. Brown, containing eighty-seven acres and eighty-hundredths of an acre, more or less, and being the same premises conveyed to John August Roos by The B. N. McCoy Glass Company, by Deed dated November 6th, 1899, and recorded in the Recorder's Office in and for McKean County, in Deed Book, Vol. No. "108" at page 339, etc.

Mostly improved and having thereon a few fruit trees, one two story frame dwelling house, one frame barn and usual outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of John A. Roos at the suit of W. B. Smith.

Thos. J. Dolphin, Plaintiff's Attorney.

2.

Defendant's interest in all that certain lot of land situate in the Borough of Smethport, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a point in the south line of Water street, being the northwest corner of land purchased of Alfred Sturdivent by Ford R. Knapp; thence east along the south line of Water street sixty (60) feet, to a post, the northwest corner of land late of W. D. Gallup; thence south about eleven (11) perches to the lands of the B., R. & S. Railroad; thence west along said railroad line sixty (60) feet to the west line of said Knapp lot; thence north on west line of said lot to the place of beginning. Containing about one fourth of one acre, more or less, and being the same premises mortgaged by said M. C. Caskey to Otis Irons by mortgage dated December 21st, 1900, and recorded same day in McKean County Mortgage Book Vol. "40" page 90, etc., given to secure the bond of same date on which judgment was entered under which the said sale is to be made.

Improved and having thereon one large three story and basement frame building used as a hotel, and usual outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of M. C. Caskey et al. the suit of Otis Irons.

E. R. Mayo & Son, Plaintiff's Attorney.

3.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land situate, lying and being in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at an iron post on the west side of High street, twenty-five (25) feet north of the northeast corner of lot owned by Harry Campbell, and being the northeast corner of lot sold by Miss A. Adams to Elizabeth Conlin, and running thence westerly at right angles to High street, and along said Conlin lot eighty-one and 2-10 (81 2-10) feet; thence northerly along the land of Spencer Franklin, ten and 3-10 (10.1-10) feet; thence still northerly along the line of said Franklin, fourteen and 9-10 (14 9-10) feet to an iron pin in the northwest corner of Lot No. 63; thence easterly seventy-six and 85-100 (76 85-100) feet to the west side of High street; thence southerly along the west side of High street twenty-five (25) feet to the place of beginning, being the same land conveyed to the said James S. Johnson and Miss A. Adams and F. Adams by Deed dated May 30th, 1900, and recorded in the Recorder's Office of McKean County, in Deed Book, Vol. No. "111," at page 220, etc.

Improved and having thereon one two story frame building used as a store and dwelling house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of James B. Johnson at the suit of George M. Hickman, guardian assignee of the Bradford Building Loan & Savings Association.

James George, Plaintiff's Attorney.

4.

Defendants' interest in all certain piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City of Bradford, in the County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, in the Fourth Ward of said city and bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a post in the west line of Pine street and south line of lands of railroad ground; thence south one hundred fifty-five (155) feet; thence west one hundred feet to a post; thence north seven and one-half (7½) feet to a post; thence west one hundred and five (105) feet to a post; thence north twenty feet to a post; thence north (60) degrees east two hundred and thirty-seven (237) feet to the place of beginning. Being the same land conveyed by the Consolidated Bottling Company to the parties herein of the first part by deed dated 1880 and duly recorded in the Recorder's Office in and for McKean County, Pennsylvania.

Improved and having thereon one two story frame building used as a bottling works, cold storage, office, etc., etc., and other outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of M. A. Woodbury and S. S. Woodbury, her husband, at the suit of O. F. Schonblom.

James George, Plaintiff's Attorney.

5.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land situate, lying and being in Bradford City, McKean County, State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning on the east line of Mechanic street, at the northwest corner of lot sold to Frank Carlson (now owned by Giacento Annunzeato); thence north on east line of Mechanic street sixty-six (66) feet to the southwest corner of lot owned by M. A. Woodbury; thence east by Mrs. M. A. Woodbury's south line sixty-five (65) feet; thence north by Mrs. M. A. Woodbury's east line twenty (20) feet; thence west by Mrs. M. A. Woodbury's north line sixty-five (65) feet, to Mechanic street; thence north on east line of Mechanic street twenty-four (24) feet to the southwest corner of lot owned by Mrs. M. A. Woodbury; thence east by Mrs. M. A. Woodbury's south line one hundred and five feet; thence south seven and one-half (7½) feet; thence east by Mrs. M. A. Woodbury's south line, one hundred (100) feet; thence north by Mrs. M. A. Woodbury's east line one hundred and fifty-five (155) feet to the land line of Erie Railroad; thence northeasterly by said railroad (and line) one hundred thirty-five and four-tenths (135 4-10) feet; thence south three hundred and thirteen (313) feet more or less to the northeast corner of lot owned by Mrs. M. A. Woodbury; thence west by Mrs. M. A. Woodbury's north line eighty (80) feet; thence south by Mrs. M. A. Woodbury's west line fifty (50) feet to the south line of lot conveyed to Woodbury and Campbell by Patrick Maloney; thence west by said south line of Woodbury and Campbell lot, one hundred and ninety-one (191) feet more or less to the southeast corner of Giacinto Annunzeato's lot; thence north along Annunzeato's east line, twenty-two (22) feet; thence west by Annunzeato's north line, sixty (60) feet to place of beginning. Being same land conveyed to Samuel S. Woodbury by Louise Woodbury, widow of Manly H. Woodbury (deceased) et al. by deed dated October 26, A. D. 1904, recorded in the Recorder's Office in and for McKean County, in Deed Book No. 139, at page 356, etc.

Improved and having theron three, two story frame buildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of S. S. Woodbury at the suit of The Bradford Flint Glass Bottle Company.

Thos. B. Wilson, Plaintiff's Attorney.

6.

Defendant's interest in all that certain lot of land in the Borough of Kane, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, part of Warrant No. 2880, situate on the east side of Tionesta Avenue, on plot of lands of The Parkside Land and Improvement Company, bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning at a point in the east line of Tionesta Avenue ninety-five (95) feet north of the northeast corner of said Tionesta Avenue and Pine street; thence at right angles to said Tionesta Avenue, east one hundred (100) feet; thence parallel to said Tionesta avenue north fifty (50) feet to a post; thence at right angles thereto west one hundred (100) feet to a post in the said east line of Tionesta Avenue; thence by the same south fifty (50) feet to the place of beginning. Containing 5,000 square feet, more or less.

Being the same premises which E. H. McCleery, Trustee, by his Deed dated the 15th day of November, A. D. 1901, sold to Neil C. MacEwen, mortgagor herein, as by reference being thereunto had the same more fully and at large appears.

Improved and having thereon one two story frame dwelling house and usual outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Neil C. MacEwen at the suit of State Capital Savings and Loan Association of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

Thos. J. Dolphin, Plaintiff's Attorney.

7.

Defendant's interest in the following described real estate, to-wit:

FIRST. All that certain tract or parcel of land situate in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at an iron post on the north side of Bank street, two hundred and eighty-two (282) feet more or less west of Pearl street, and at the southwest corner of lot deeded to Andrew Benson, Nov. 14, 1880; thence north seventy-five (75) feet; thence west thirty-three (33) feet, more or less, to lot deeded to Elizabeth Jane Mosher, Feb'y. 8, 1880; thence south along Mosher's lot, seventy-five (75) feet to Bank street; thence east along Bank street thirty-three (33) feet more or less to place of beginning. Being all the land lying between lots heretofore deeded to Andrew Benson and Elizabeth Jane Mosher. The said lot containing 2475 square feet, and being the same property conveyed to James E. Grainger by H. W. Newell and wife by Deed dated Oct. 11th, 1900. Recorded in the Recorder's Office of McKean County in Deed Book No. "112" at page 440, etc.

Improved and having theron one, two story frame dwelling house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of James F. Swoap at the suit of Conewango Building Loan Association.

A. P. Huey, Plaintiff's Attorney.

8.

Defendant's interest in all that certain lot of land in the Borough of Kane, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, being part of Warrant No. 3210, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a post in the east side of Dawson street, and thirty feet from the center thereof, two hundred and twenty feet (220 ft.) from the southwest corner of land late of Mary L. Hanks; thence at right angles to said street, south seventy four degrees and twenty minutes east, (N. 74 degrees 24 minutes E.) two hundred feet (200 ft.) to land of William Hubbard; thence by land of William Hubbard, south fifteen degrees, forty minutes east (S. 15 degrees 40 minutes E.) one hundred feet (100 ft.); thence, at right angles to Dawson street, south seventy four degrees twenty minutes west (S. 74 degrees 20 minutes W.) two hundred feet (200 ft.) to the east side thereof; thence by the east side of said street, north fifteen degrees, forty minutes west (N. 15 degrees 40 minutes W.) one hundred feet (100 ft.) to the place of beginning. Containing 20,000 square feet of land more or less, being the same land conveyed by Elizabeth D. Kane to said Maria Elizabeth Peterson by Deed dated May 21st, 1884, recorded in the Recorder's Office of McKean County, in Deed Book No. "24" at page 533, etc.

Improved and having thereon one, two story frame dwelling house, shrubbery, other buildings, etc.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Maria Elizabeth Peterson and August Peterson, her husband, at the suit of Conewango Building Loan Association.

A. P. Huey, Plaintiff's Attorney.

CHAS. E. MAYS, Sheriff

Sheriff's Office, Smethport, Pa., Sept. 14, 1904.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 129, February Term, 1898.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Marie L. White did, on the 16th day of January, 1903, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, D. D. White.

We therefore command you, the said D. D. White, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the first Monday of October next to answer the petition or libel of Marie L. White and show cause, if any you have, why the said Marie L. White your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

CHARLES E. MAYS, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Sept. 7, 1904.

James George, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 22, February Term, 1904.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Rena Owens did, on the 17th day of December 1903, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, James Owens.

We therefore command you, the said James Owens, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the first Monday of Oct. next, to answer the petition or libel of Rena Owens and show cause, if any you have, why the said Rena Owens, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

CHARLES E. MAYS, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Sept. 7, 1904.

E. R. Mayo & Son, Libellant's Attorneys.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 11, February Term, 1904.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, George A. Wescott did, on the 14th day of December, 1903, prefer his petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Elizabeth Wescott.

We therefore command you, the said Elizabeth Wescott, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the first Monday of October next to answer the petition or libel of George A. Wescott and show cause, if any you have, why the said George A. Wescott your husband, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

CHARLES E. MAYS, Sheriff

Smethport, Pa., Sept. 7, 1903.

Eugene & J. P. Mullin and F. F. Mullin, Libellant's Attorneys.

C. A. BURDICK

—DEALER IN—

Pianos, Organs and Musical Instruments of all kinds, Wheeler & Wilson Domestic and other Sewing Machines.

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LIVERY, FEED & SALE STABLES

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Smethport - Penn.

March 4, 1903.

Professional Cards.

Attorneys.

Gordon & Richmond,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention.

Smethport, Pa.

Gallup & Bouton,

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S. L. Keenan.

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW

Office adjoining Residence, Main Street.

Smethport, Pa.

All legal business attended to promptly.

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Office of the lands of Hamlin & Forrest (formerly Keating & Co.) situated in the counties of McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton and Clearfield.

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Thomas H. Morrison,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

Smethport, - - - Penn'a.

All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

E. R. Sherman,

PENSION ATTORNEY AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Claims for Bounty, Back Pay, Pensions, &c., both War of the Rebellion and Spanish War claims given prompt attention. Special attention given to both widow's and invalid claims under the act of May 9, 1900. Office, No. 20 Main street, Bradford, Pa. Telephone 307 B.

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J. C. Brown,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office and Residence one door East of Catholic Parsonage, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

ROBERT HAMILTON, M. D., C. M.

Office hours—8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

Office and residence, Hamilton Block, second floor, Smethport, Pa.

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Teeth extracted without pain. All kinds of dental work done promptly and satisfaction guaranteed.

Office over McCoy's Drug Store.

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GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,

JAMES MCGUIRE, PROP'R

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

HOTEL IMPERIAL,

Main street, Smethport, Pa., Daniel Bacon, Proprietor.

This House has recently been greatly improved in all its appointments, making it one of the most convenient hotels in the country. Good beds and attentive clerks. The tables are supplied with all the deliacies of the season. A liberal share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

SARTWELL HOUSE,

PORT ALLEGANY, PA.

Having recently purchased the above hotel, and made extensive improvements, I am prepared to cater to the traveling public.

C. S. KING, PROPRIETOR.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,

F. L. SHERBURNE, Prop.

125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

BAYER HOUSE,

CLERMONT, PENNA.

This house has just been rebuilt and refurnished. The tables are supplied with the best the market affords and the accommodations are all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars.

BOYD & SMITH, Proprietors.

Novelty Restaurant.

New York Counts, Clams, Cigars

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